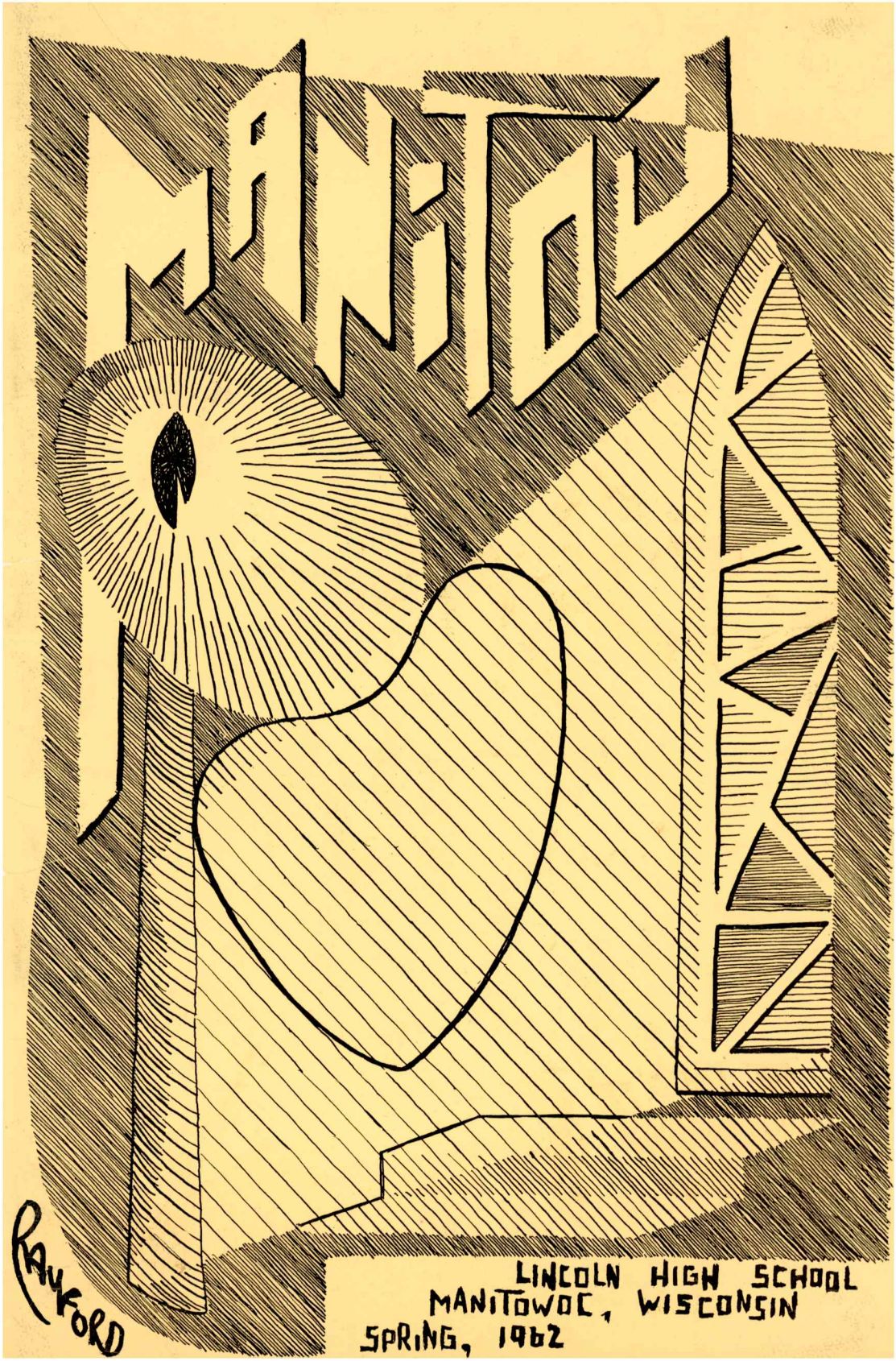
MANITOU
RANKFORD
LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
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MANITOU

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Table of Contents

Page

ESSAYS

First Place	The Empty Bus	Nancy Jagodensky	20
Second Place	My Quandary	Rachel Omas	38
Third Place	T.V. Advertising	Mark Lipschutz	18

BOOK REVIEWS

First Place	The Catcher in the Rye	Sharon Olson	16
Second Place	Mila 18	Mary Delaney	8
Third Place	Three Came Home	Jane Strouf	41
Fourth Place	The Hidden Persuaders	Karen Tienor	35

SHORT STORIES

First Place	Hidden Love	Judi Hansen	42
Second Place	A Guest	Rachel Omas	59
Third Place	Waiting	Judy Reif	32
Fourth Place	A Blessed Event in Catacomb Number Two David Hackbarth		24

SKETCHES

First Place	Five O'Clock	Sharon Olson	28
Second Place	This Man	Moria Mackert	11
Third Place	Surrender	Judy Reif	49

EDITORIALS

First Place	Isn't It Wonderful?	Stephanie Christman	6
Second Place	Words That Divide the World	Virginia Gorychka	14
Third Place	Part-time Jobs, Anyone?	Carol Wetenkamp	30
Fourth Place	Exercises	Janet Vnuk	34
Fifth Place	Accelerated Classes	Barbara Raeuber	21

POETRY

First Place	Can You Tell?	Judi Hansen	36
Second Place	The World Is Dark	Jim Gollata	63
Third Place Tie	Haiku	Aimee Paque	19
Third Place Tie	Grief	Ethel Peterson	9
Fourth Place Tie	Ambition	Sharon Olson	55
Fourth Place Tie	Bells of Poetry	Jim Gollata	7
Fifth Place	Dancing Daughters	Muffey Heffernan	31

Table of Contents continued on page 66.

Dear Reader,

Everyone derives his own benefits from literature, and yet, within this vast realm there exist certain universal experiences which all may share. It is with the hope of instilling in others the desire to attain these universal benefits that we of the MANITOU staff dedicate this issue.

Depicted on our cover are symbols of three guideposts to the worlds available to us in literature. The candle is lighting our way to the world of knowledge found in the writings of man; the heart is leading us to the world of emotions and understanding of humanity present in literary works; and finally, the window is opening to the pleasure, enlightenment, and philosophy offered to us in the entire world of letters.

It is with an unreserved appreciation of the magnanimity of literature we offer this year's MANITOU, a minute part of these worlds.

The Editor

Short Story, Honorable Mention

THE MASS

By Judy Reif '62

THE HOLLOW ECHO of his own footsteps against the bare cement wall was a familiar sound. He had always liked being the first person in church. The austere silence was broken by the creaking of the old oak pew as he settled himself near the middle of the church. For a few minutes he tried to determine what it was that compelled him to attend the last Mass each Sunday.

The noises of the street were let in by the opening of the front door. The tap of a metal-tipped cane on the tiled floor accompanied an old woman's journey to the first pew. He wondered if true faith really existed and if it came only with age.

The sound of the bells told him Mass would soon begin. Today they seemed even more flat and off key than usual. He heard the lights snap on —the real signal of the start of Mass. The church was known to be frugal, and electricity was a good item to cut down.

With the entrance of the priest and altar boys began the ritualistic murmur of responding voices. The familiar buzz was interrupted by the shrill hiss of an irritated mother admonishing her mischievous child. He couldn't quite condone scolding children who had no realization of the situation.

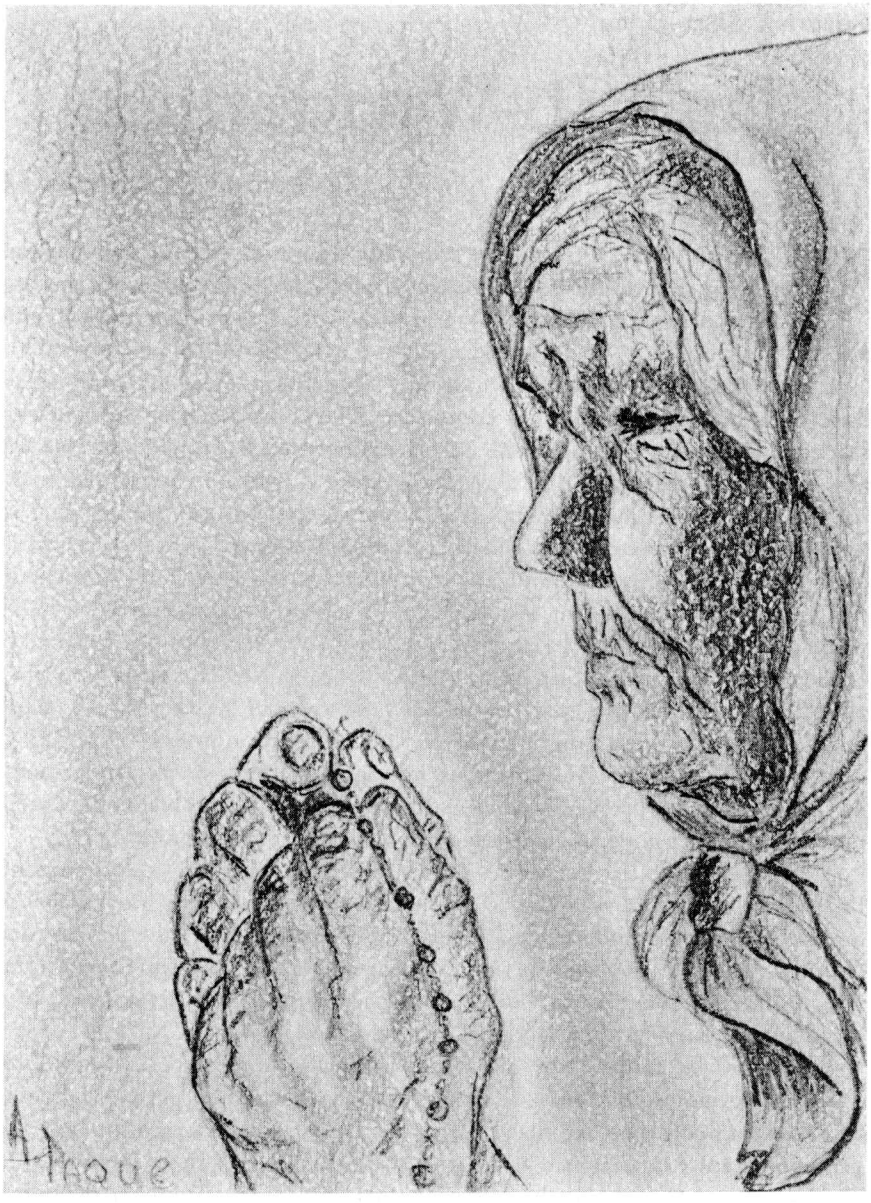
The rumble of six hundred people knocking against pews as they sat preceded the sermon. The peculiar succession of one cough triggering another reverberated throughout the church. The susceptible humans could not even choose their own time for coughing.

During most of the sermon he directed his attention to the fat man at his left, who, having just sat down, was softly wheezing at irregular intervals. The breathing gradually became more regular and slower. Finally it took on that characteristic typical only of sleep.

The eternal battle between pride and selfishness showed itself on the faces of those around him at collection time. He watched as men fished for the smallest coins in their pockets and saw them generously toss the metal into the basket so as to make a sound resembling that of a half dollar. This was according to the sixth precept of the Church.

Accompanied by the usual muffled din, the Mass progressed to the Consecration. The respectful but unreliable hush was climaxed by the chilling quality of the chimes. Here was the essence of the Catholic Faith.

The muffled din once more built its volume.



He was oblivious, too, of the ensuing portion of the service until he felt the jostling of the relieved congregation shuffling toward the door. He repressed a contemptuous chuckle as he watched them straining to remain silent until they were outside.

Walking down the hill, he was conscious of the happy voices fading from his thoughts. He knew that next Sunday he would again attend the late Mass.

Editorial, First Place

Isn't It Wonderful?

By Stephanie Christman '62

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? The American education system is just about equal with that of Russia. Standards are higher, curriculums are getting stiffer (more math and science), and homework is becoming more abundant.

But perhaps this is not so wonderful! Students of today are studying so hard that they can't get a good education. The conscientious, high-ranking student must spend so much time on his studies, that he hardly has time for anything but homework. And a good education is definitely more than making the National Honor Society. It is a knowledge, but more important an appreciation of literature, art, music, nature and history. It is an attempt at understanding the human mind, it is thinking for one's self, and it is partly self taught. But the student of today can not afford to take time out for this really good education by attending a Civic Music concert, reading some poetry, or merely relaxing and letting his mind wander. MACBETH, a special on Brazil, "Twentieth Century," or the Presidential debates go unwatched, while instead a student toils all night trying to find the solution to 3xy-4z¼x¾x½6 –.897ab. Of course, the TV programs will only give him a better understanding of man and his problems, whereas the solution to the problem may enable him to blow up the world someday with a fifty megaton bomb.

The best educated person in the class is rarely the honor roll student. Instead, he is the one who, on occasion, has taken time from his homework to read a book or attend a play. This student, however, will shine in class discussions, since he has taken the time to think about and form intelligent opinions on matters. The "brain," on the other hand, can't take his nose out of a book long enough to think about anything.

It is not the fault of the individual teacher or high school that the program has become so academic. Teachers must have marks to put on the report cards, and schools must see that their graduates are accepted into college. For example, a teacher assigns a poem and then asks for a written report on it. This is so that he can grade the student, so that the student can make the honor roll. But isn't it more important that the student learns to appreciate poetry so that when he grows up he will have a book of poetry in his house and read it? Yes, I think it is.

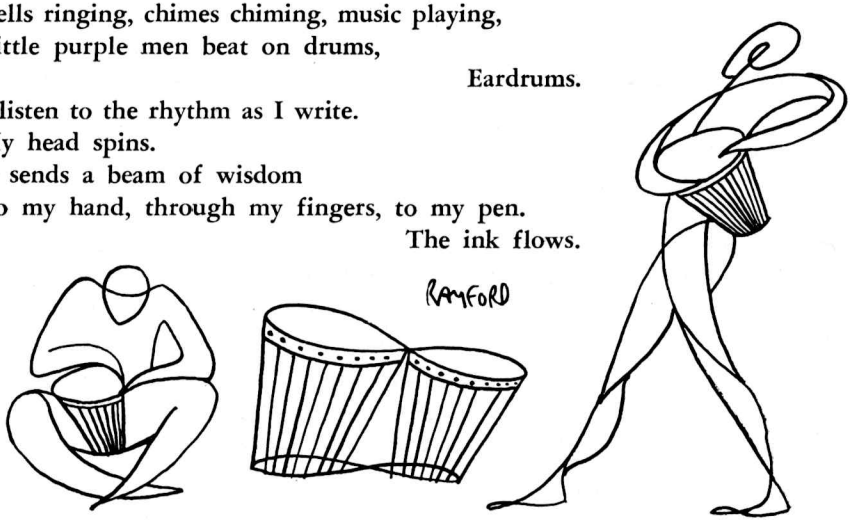
Superior grades, all the math and science one can get, and accelerated programs are definitely important, but isn't it time educators realized that there is more to a good education than text books? Perhaps it will take more than World War III to prove this to them.

Poetry, Fourth Place Tie

BELLS OF POETRY

By Jim Gollata '63

Bells ringing, chimes chiming, music playing,
Little purple men beat on drums,
Eardrums.
I listen to the rhythm as I write.
My head spins.
It sends a beam of wisdom
To my hand, through my fingers, to my pen.
The ink flows.



Blob, blob, dribble, blot, in rhythmic rapture,
Wham! scratch,
The penpoint razzes the paper as the pen curves on its journey,
Bobbity bop. Yes!
I pause and study
The green and silver pen, and black,
With its plastic-fitted point,
With a grated-like design.
More messages are sent to it, and it receives.
Blue ink fills more space,
And it is ink of a mad jazz poet,
With the sound of jazz in his head.
Bop, and offbeat, and swinging jazz.
For the poet is the thing.
Words come out, but sounds are in the brain,
Sounds of bongos,
of saxes,
of cool,
ringing
bells,
Bells of poetry.

Book Review, Second Place *By Mary Delaney '63*

MILA 18

By LEON URIS

EXTRAORDINARY is MILA 18—extraordinary in its brutal reality, in its tenderness, in its people. This novel about the Warsaw ghetto would be completely unbelievable if the events it records hadn't happened. But they did happen! Here is shown the Nazi persecution of the Jewish people and the remarkable courage shown by the Jews in their struggle to survive. This was not the first time that the Jews had suffered humiliation and torture—their history proves that—but Hitler captures all honors in the field of Jewish destruction!

It was soon after Germany successfully seized Poland and captured Warsaw that Jews from many conquered Nazi nations were brought to the Warsaw ghetto. There Hitler's Jewish policy gradually became evident—total annihilation! In the ghetto conditions worsened—slow starvation as rations were cut and recut, deportation to "work camps" such as Auschweitz, slavery, torture, and brutality. In but a few years, a quarter of a million Jews had been reduced to 50 thousand. Some Jews whose desire to live was stronger than their desire to be human actually helped the Germans carry out their plans.

However, not all were like that. Many Jewish people were determined to keep their dignity. They developed a strong underground through which they smuggled in food, money, medicines, and news. To those outside they tried to send the truth of their existence, but few believed their story when the Nazi propaganda was so convincing.

They fought a losing battle. As the Germans grew more eager for total Jewish destruction, the Jews literally dug themselves underground with their main bunker located beneath the building at Mila 18. These people decided to die fighting rather than to satisfy German plans. Hitler was promised that the Jews would be wiped out within a few days. The Jewish goal for survival was one week. But somehow the Jews hung on for 42 days! They fought from the rooftops, from the sewers; for weapons they used guns, home-made bombs, and their bare hands. Even when the last of them was dead, the Germans had not won, for that act of courage awakened many to the perils of Hitler.

This is the dramatic background for Leon Uris's MILA 18. From this the author brilliantly creates people who love, hate, live, and die. Some of them are successful as human beings; others are dismal failures; each is a little of both.

There is Andrei Androfski whose fierce desire to fight the Germans with guns is equalled only by his love for a gentile woman. Opposing Andrei's wish to fight is Alexander Brandel, a scholar who bargained desperately with the money-hungry Nazis for supplies, time, and lives. Through his journals of ghetto life is promised the survival of the Jewish spirit, if not their physical bodies.

Bringing Brandel's journals out of Warsaw after the war becomes the task of Christopher de Monti. This Swiss newspaper man fought a moral battle in deciding to join the Jews; and then, even being a non-Jew, he stuck with his decision.

As de Monti's moral struggle ended in success, the struggle of the Jewish Paul Bronski became defeat. Bronski lacked the courage to stand up against the Germans, so he remained a Nazi puppet while his wife and children worked for their people.

It is in Rachael Bronski and Wolf Brandel that is found a bit of unexpected joy. Even in the worst of days, these two held the wonder of young love and the courage to live and fight bravely.

Uris presented these characters as he did the story—bluntly. Both the story and the people are developed through quotations and actions rather than through description. Unless something was absolutely essential, the author omitted it; even the sentences and paragraphs are short and to the point. Uris made his writing equal to the situation in urgency and impact.

The conflict of this novel is not simply the Nazi-Jewish situation; it is also the conflict in the soul of every man—whether to live your ideals or not to live them. And here, under the conditions of the Warsaw ghetto, Uris has a tremendous opportunity to bare the souls of men. In doing so, he has caught the remarkable spirit of the Jewish people even better than in his previous EXODUS. This spirit is expressed at the close of the book in the words of Alexander Brandel:

"I die a man fulfilled. My son shall live to see Israel reborn. I know this. And what is more, the Jews have avenged our honor as a people."

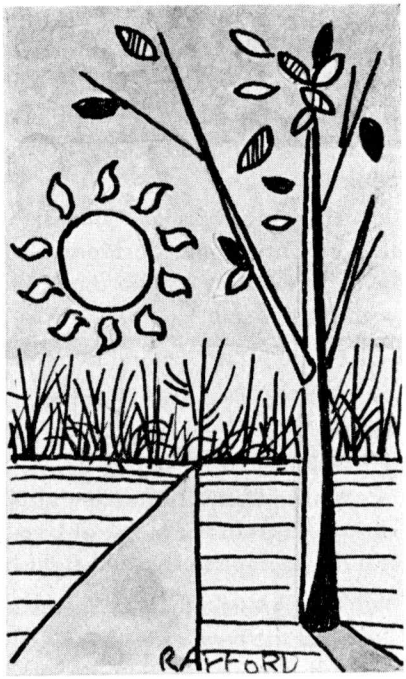
Poetry, Third Place Tie ***By Ethel Peterson '64***

GRIEF

They left her at the old folks home
In the care of strangers,
For they felt she was old and useless.
Yet when she died,
They wept.

Essay
Honorable Mention

AUTUMN



By Larry Lynch '62

RED, YELLOW, GREEN, orange, the crisp leaves fluttered to the ground and drifted with the brisk October breeze. The sun, now low in the sky, imparted a late afternoon stillness to the air, and the vivid, thinning trees spoke of serenity mixed with a tense excitement foreshadowing events synonymous with the fall.

The deep red of the once-green ivy hugging the brick house also indicated the end of summer. Halloween was approaching; the pumpkins were ripening, and we delighted in going for drives in the country, perhaps to buy some tangy cider. The fall colors—dull and bright contrasting vigorously, inspire the forests with the tranquility that attracts the hikers to an afternoon stroll.

This is the season of the carloads of football enthusiasts; those who grab pennants and flock to the football field, filled with infectious spirit. Canoeing along the changing river banks is best in fall; the golden grass harbors the last suggestion of the life given it the previous spring, while looking forward to the fast approaching winter. The hunter finds a special exhilaration stalking pheasant and rabbit in the autumn.

With the early dusk comes clear, cool nights, presided over by a warm, friendly moon. Hayrides at night are full of the flavor and joy of autumn, and a ukelele or harmonica adds the fullness that completes the evening. These few months of the year are conceivably the best for setting a mood of togetherness and joy; the atmosphere for courtship and affection; a time for love and happiness.

Sketch, Second Place

This Man

By Moria Mackert '62

OF COURSE, HIS physical appearance was close to perfection. He would tolerate nothing less than his slim but masculine figure, his dark eyes, almost concealed by thick lashes, his black impeccably combed hair. He had an all but feminine pride in his clothes. Never was he seen in anything but the most stylish outfit, free from a single wrinkle. After all, anything like a wrinkle or a spot could detract from the impression of perfection he strove so desperately to create.

He arranged his thinking as meticulously as he had groomed his person. Everything had its own immovable niche in his trained mind. Carefully he had placed in his mental filing cabinet the answers to questions most people spent most of their lives to solve. It did not ever cross his cataloged mind that perhaps he might be wrong.

After he had finished his self-creation, he decided on how he could best present himself to the world. He chose the teaching profession. He was thrilled with the thought of all the young people he could indoctrinate with his shallow philosophy.

Up 'till now all his painstaking planning had brought nothing but success. And so it was with his first few years of teaching. Unwittingly, the immature minds he addressed absorbed all his warped instructions. There was no reason for the youngsters to doubt anything he said; they had always had truthful, sincere teachers.

Only once did he meet with any student opposition. His mind had become so twisted through his years of ego-centered thinking that he could not recognize that some of what his rebellious pupil was saying had validity. No longer did he have to consciously control his thinking; by this time he merely reacted.

His reaction to what he believed to be insubordination was to wield his authority over the offender. He presented a pathetic appeal to his superiors. He knew that his position as teacher was indestructable. He was right. The only obstacle to his success was removed from his class. He again was free to continue his methodical poisoning of young minds.

Essay, Honorable Mention *By Jerry Beduhn '64*

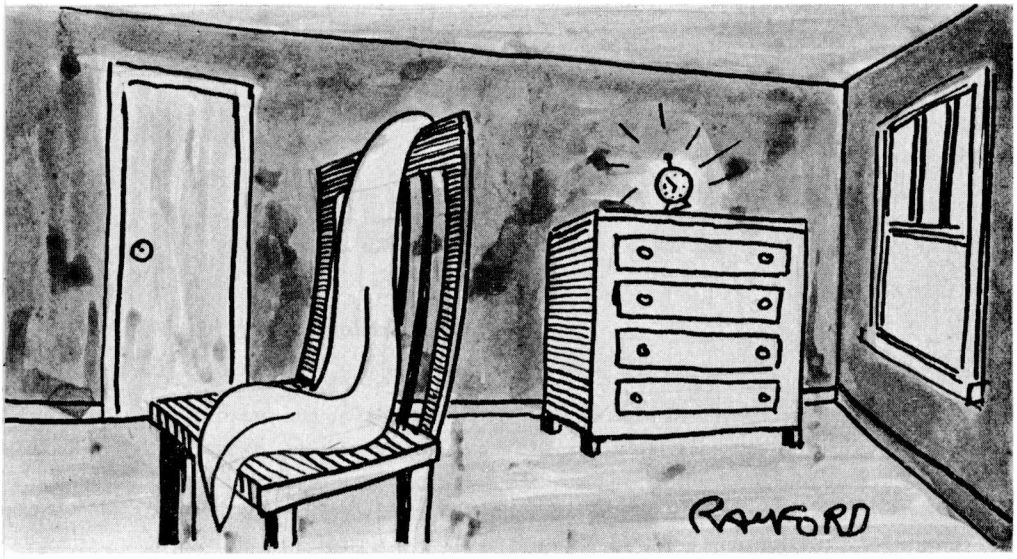
MY ALARM CLOCK

MY ALARM CLOCK is not an ordinary alarm clock. It is a gray plastic General Electric Telechron, Model 7H241, 115 volt, 60 cycle, 2 watt, 15 ampere, ¼ horsepower, UL approved, Snooze-alarm, made in the U. S. A. with a two-inch gold sweep second hand.

Snooze alarms have a snooze button on top so when the alarm goes off, you can push the button and get about 7 more minutes of sleep. You can, however, only do this three times; for on the third time the snooze button is pressed, the alarm won't go off again for 12 hours, which is a little embarrassing if you have to go to work or school.

I don't use the snooze button because, as you may have guessed, I always wind up going back into a deep sleep after pushing the button three times. I have found a solution to this by having my alarm clock on my desk across the room from my bed. Then I have to get out of bed to run the darn thing off because, unlike spring-wound alarm clocks, snooze-alarms will sound off for 5 minutes without stopping. This usually does the trick because by the time I shut it off, I am wide awake; and I feel like (shudder) going to school, sort of, instead of diving back into bed. Maybe this is due to the fact that I have some homework due for first period that I didn't finish (or even start, for that matter) the night before.

Once in a while when I am going to bed late and I know I am going to



be extra tired the next morning, I fix up the location of the alarm clock so it will be harder to shut off. On one occasion I set it in the hall outside my door. This went over like a snowball in Hades because the next morning when it went off I simply grabbed the cord, which was plugged in under my bed, and tried to unplug it. It was tangled around the bedpost and caught on my flavor-less chewing gum. My next move was successful. I pulled on the cord until the clock came sliding around the corner. Then I turned it off and went back into my interrupted dream.

On another occasion I buried the clock in the wastebasket under my desk. By the time I unburied it and finished muttering choice words at my desk for hitting me on the head, I was wide awake and ready to get dressed.

Most alarm clocks give off a relatively soft, hardly startling ring. Since mine is electric and specially built to annoy me, it does not ring. Instead it lets out a plaster-cracking buzz that can be heard throughout the house and in all probability, the neighborhood. This is most annoying when I am sleeping soundly and am most comfortable.

Once it startled me so much that I twisted sharply, instantly removing all the buttons of my pajamas. On various other occasions I have reacted so quickly to the buzz that I either have completely removed all the bedclothes on top of me, slipped on the rug and projected myself into the opposite wall, or have attempted to get out on the wrong side of the bed, neatly applying myself to the adjacent wall.

Yes, my alarm clock is neurotic, spastic, psychotic, extra-sensory, and somewhat homicidal; but without it I would never make it to school. So tomorrow I am going to destroy it . . . NO! I mean I am thankful. I have it and will just have to continue putting up with it.

Editorial, Second Place

Words That Divide the World

By Virginia Gorychka '63

"AS COMMUNIST SEMANTICISTS (the study of the meanings of words) attained virtuoso skills, they discovered that, in many instances, communications can be made to serve a dual purpose—to say one thing to communists while simultaneously conveying quite a different message to noncommunists," stated Stefan T. Possony, a professor of international politics, the Graduate School, Georgetown University, in his article, "Words That Divide the World," in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, July 9, 1960.

According to this article, the communists and noncommunists use different dictionaries and thus, in many cases, have completely different meanings to the same word.

This idea of "double-think" or "double-talk" is a practice developed by Lenin. Just as Aesop used seemingly innocent stories to hide his real point, so the communists use attractive, soothing words to cover up their real meaning.

Stalin, Stefan Possony pointed out, laid down this rule: "Words must have no relation to action . . . Words are one thing, actions another. Good words are a mask to conceal bad deeds."

For instance, the communists consider a negotiation as a breathing space, a time to get rather than to give. Any agreements made are kept only as long as they are profitable to the communists.

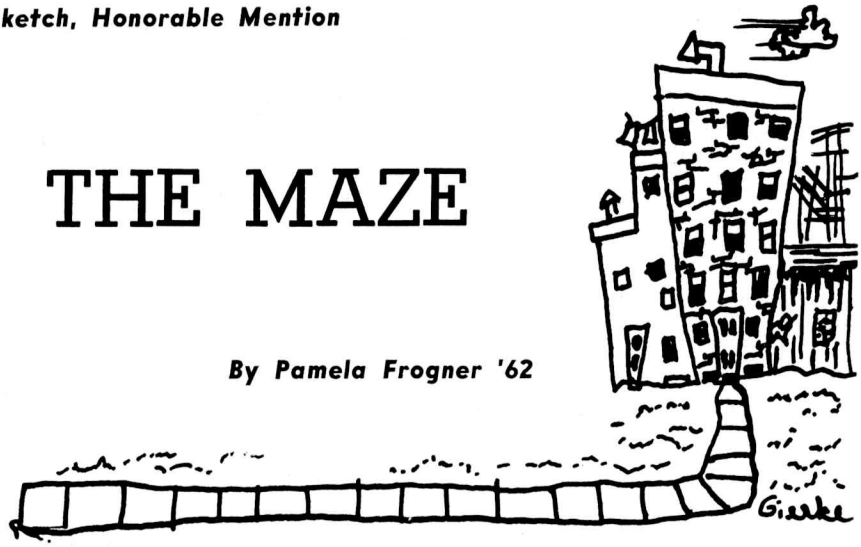
According to their dictionary, peace is "the nonmilitary phase of protracted conflict." It's the period in which they use propaganda and political warfare. "Lasting peace" can, of course, occur only under communism.

The communists feel that "international" confidence can prevail ONLY in a communist world. Thus, when they speak of disarmament without control or inspection, they mean disarmament in a communist world.

The only way we can combat the communists' "double-talk" is to ask ourselves whether or not their words coincide with their communist doctrine. It is necessary, therefore, to listen to the communists not only with an open mind, but also with an open dictionary, THEIR DICTIONARY.

Sketch, Honorable Mention

THE MAZE



By Pamela Frogner '62

SHE TRUDGED UP THE STAIRS of the old brick building, causing the steps to creak in spite of her one hundred pounds. After reaching the top, her eyes now accustomed to the dimness, she inserted the key in the lock of the door and opened it in the same motion.

Flinging off her coat, she threw herself into the only chair in the room and absentmindedly brushed a stray lock of hair from her forehead. Her first thought was to cry out . . . to rid her mind, body, and voice from the tension and weariness of the day. Unconsciously overcoming the impulse, she rose from the chair, pulled the string on the naked bulb overhead, and walked over to the hot plate. After pouring a cup of cold coffee left over from breakfast, she lit a cigarette, picked up an already overflowing ash tray, and returned to the chair to wait.

Her mind reviewed the events of the day. "Had she read the part well? Somehow, she had not portrayed the character 'Miranda' quite as she felt her; but the director had questioned her a moment longer than the rest. Did he like her?"

Trying to divert her thoughts, she picked up a copy of a current novel carelessly left on the floor and opened it. Her eyes read meaningless words; and upon setting down the book, she noted her chewed fingernails with a combined feeling of annoyance and revulsion.

Still tumbling through her mind were the questions: "Was I good enough? Will I receive the part? If they call, will it be soon?"

After what seemed like an eternity, and which actually was only a few hours, the telephone intruded upon the silence and raucously announced its presence. She hesitated. "Maybe this was her chance, her offer to hold a place in the theatrical world, to be someone. Maybe . . . "

Book Review, First Place **By Sharon Olson '62**

The Catcher in the Rye

By J. D. SALINGER

MOST PEOPLE KNOW how to ignore the more sordid, dirty, and false aspects of life. Not so Holden Caulfield, the protagonist of CATCHER IN THE RYE. Hyper-sensitive and hyper-imaginative, Holden has been described as a "modern, urban Huckelberry Finn," because, like Huck, he longs to get out of civilization and back into nature.

CATCHER IN THE RYE covers Holden's last day at Pencey, a fashionable prep school he has flunked out of, and the following two days that he spent in hiding in New York City, afraid to face his mother's hysterics and his father's wrath at home.

The book hasn't any real plot; the unveiling of Holden Caulfield's personality is its plot, and he is made to tell his own story in his own way. The magic of the novel is the authenticity of his language and the emotions that overwhelm him. Salinger writes flat, colloquial prose, which at best is tragic and moving and at worst is only slightly obscene.

Early in the book Holden describes himself, and with the surety of a recorded telephone message, remains strictly in character throughout:

"I shook my head. I shake my head quite a lot. 'Boy!' I said. I also say 'Boy' quite a lot. Partly because I have a lousy vocabulary and partly because I act quite young for my age sometimes."

Holden dreams of doing good in a world that needs him. While talking to Phoebe, one of the few people he really trusts, he says:

"I keep picturing all these little kids, and nobody around—nobody big, I mean-execpt me. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff—I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them."

Inexorably self-critical, he refers to himself as yellow, as a terrible liar, and a madman, and a moron. His ultimate condemnation is "phoniness." This word encompasses for him not only insincerity, but snobbery, injustice, and callousness. He is moved by pity almost to the extreme; a scrawled obscenity on the wall of his ten-year-old sister Phoebe's school nearly drives him frantic. When another boy steals his gloves, Holden can't go up to the boy's room, accuse him of stealing his gloves, and sock him in the jaw. He is scared of what the boy's face will look like afterward ("I can't stand looking at the

other guy's face is my trouble. It wouldn't be so bad if you could be blindfolded or something.")

One gets the feeling that Holden will eventually adjust himself to those things that can't be changed. One day he will become more and more tolerant of phonies—it's a part of living—because he already has had to say, "Glad to have met you," to people he isn't glad to have met. And aren't ALL boys bewildered at the complexities of modern life, unsure of themselves, and shocked at the perversity and evil surrounding them at first? Yes, Holden will be "allright."

Sketch, Honorable Mention

THAT MOMENT IN LIFE

By Judi Hanson '62

THE SODA BOTTLES clanged against each other as I tried to slide the lone bottle of Sundrop out of the far corner of the cooler. My forehead wrinkled up in annoyance at the sights and sounds around me. The kids were talking and joking as they dragged saddles and bridles into the stables. The telephone started ringing and the metallic squeek of a spring as someone jumped on the davenport only added to my irritation.

As I walked back into the barn with my brushes and bottle in hand, I stopped for a minute to watch the kids as they dug into the manure and slung the saddles onto their horses' backs. Briskly I continued through the barn. Reaching my box stall, I quickly stepped in and closed the door behind me. To my satisfaction this somewhat muffled the noise. Putting down the brushes, I stroked Skipper's neck and slowly poured the remaining contents of my bottle into his water pail. Outside the voices were becoming more faint as the kids finished cleaning and saddling and were going out to ride. The top of the door squeeked as I pushed it open. Now all that could be heard was the rhythmic chewing of hay and grain. The sound of my brush as it quietly slid over Skipper's smooth glossy coat was like a tonic for my upset nerves. Faintly I could hear water dripping from a faucet and a cat's mewing, while above me the wind moaned as it crept through the boards. Never before had I been so aware of these trite sounds. Sounds which had always been there but which I had never heard. Tears ran to my eyes as I thought of losing this little part of my world. But college meant money and money meant————. Suddenly a door slammed reminding me of my task. I must not keep a prospective buyer waiting.

Essay, Third Place

T.V. ADVERTISING

By Mark Lipschutz '62

LATELY THERE has been a great fuss about TV advertising. People say much of it has become vulgar, sickening, and too personal. I disagree; I think that it is interesting, informative, and amusing. One has to look at it with the right attitude.

Let's take, for example, the head-ache, pain-killer pill ad. The public must know which pills, the little "A's" or the little "B's," get to the stomach first. Why should one suffer the prolonged agony of headache, colds, neuritis, etc., just because he has chosen the pill that takes longest to get to the little trapdoor in the stomach? How are the people going to know without TV demonstrations?

Or take an objective look at one of our most popular deodorant commercials. In the minute that the advertisement is on the air, one not only learns which deodorant is best for him or her but also gets to see a collection of some of the works of our greatest sculptors. Now one can learn how Rodin kept "The Thinker" from perspiring.

These commercials are very educational, especially for younger children who seem to be most impressionable. Children will have a good start in such fields as art and science when they go to school. Shoppers of tomorrow will show manufacturers that they want only the best products by forcing off the market such worthless products as "Brand X" or "Tube C." Remaining manufacturers will have to raise their standards or they too will fall by the wayside.

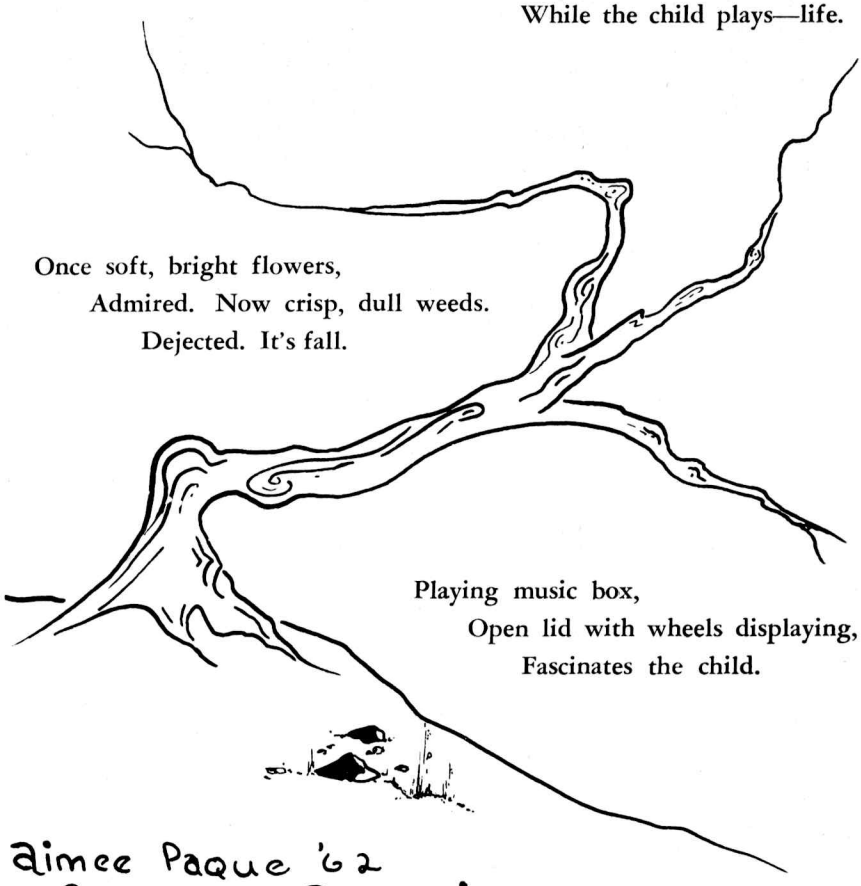
There is still one more advantage to these so called "sickening" television commercials, an important one to the average TV viewer. After many hours of watching television, one looks forward to the commercial as a chance to get up and make a sandwich, use the facilities, continue an argument with the spouse, or close the car windows before it starts to rain.

One can, undoubtedly, think of many more advantages to this type of television commercial. If one does, and considers these advantages in comparison with the few minor disadvantages, I am sure that soon from all parts of the United States there will be a great and unanimous cry, "Let's have more sickening type television commercials!"

Haiku

Wind chimes. Sparkling glass,
Tinkling notes, seem to add life
To the still night air.

The man, old and gray,
Rests beneath the green willow
While the child plays—life.



Once soft, bright flowers,
Admired. Now crisp, dull weeds.
Dejected. It's fall.

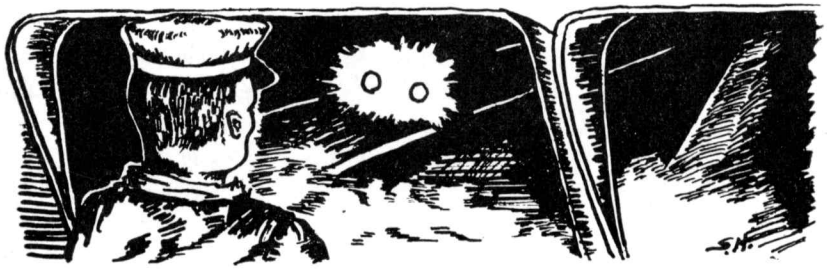
Playing music box,
Open lid with wheels displaying,
Fascinates the child.

Aimee Paque '62
Poetry 3rd Place Tie

Essay, First Place

THE EMPTY BUS

By Nancy Jagodensky '62



THERE IS A BUMPY, uncertain road over which a bus must travel in the course of its scheduled journey. The great power and sturdy construction of the bus enable it to handle capably the ruggedness of the road. But this pushing, driving, onward speeding carrier is of no significance, for it is void of passengers. Cold are the seats from an unoccupied existence; unseen from far ahead are its dim lights and wasteful is the burning of the fuel used to transport this empty shell.

The driver knows his bus is empty. He knows the trip is unnecessary, that there will be no passengers along the way. He tells himself he does not care; it is only a job, a route that must be driven. He will fulfill that requirement and not mind or be concerned with the echoing, dead stillness of his coach. He will not pretend it is filled with happy traveling folk and falsely give meaning to the trip just to satisfy a "wish." Still, he need not look back upon the emptiness—only ahead. But ahead to what? Ahead to the end, the termination of his trip? It will come with the exhaustion of fuel and not before. He expects no reward, no thanks, no peace, no sense of accomplishment or realization of meaningfulness to come upon the completion of his assignment. Again he doesn't care. The inevitable bleakness of the end can only taunt him before it is reached.

And, is it not so with the atheistic man?

Editorial, Fifth Place

Accelerated Classes

By Barbara Raeuber '62

EVER SINCE RUSSIA shot Sputnik into orbit, there has been evidence of a change in the educational system of the United States. People began to realize that many high schools in this country don't even compare to those in Russia.

As a result, Dr. James Conant of Harvard University made a tour of the United States, visiting high schools and giving suggestions as to how they could be improved. Among the schools visited was Lincoln High School. From his suggestions emerged accelerated classes, the system by which "faster" students are grouped in classes with students of the same intelligence level.

From the teachers' point of view this system is the perfect answer to the problem brought about by chance grouping, since in that old method the more intelligent students had no reason to work to their ability; they could usually do better than other students with very little effort. From the students' point of view, accelerated classes are sometimes more of a hindrance than a benefit.

The purpose of the accelerated classes is to prepare a student for college. In many cases, college texts and college-type essay exams are used. Since this is true, wouldn't it seem logical that a student who is in an accelerated class be given compensation for the lower grade he may receive?

Suppose a student receives a B in an accelerated class, whereas he could have received a better grade in a regular class. This situation could very easily prevent the student from being on the honor roll, lower his class rank, and as a result, lessen his chances for college acceptance.

There ought to be a way to maintain the purpose of these classes, while at the same time, remain fair to the student. Members of these classes are usually those who are working most toward college. If the school would inform the college of a student's membership in these classes so that it could be taken into consideration with the application, that fairness would be maintained.

Essay, Honorable Mention

Are We Losing Two Rivers?

By Dennis Lishka '64

TODAY, AS IN THE PAST, the freedom of man has been threatened. Yet, from the beginning of time, whenever a threat to freedom arose, man has been able to destroy it. But each aggressor that was destroyed was replaced by a more powerful one. That aggressor of today, Communism, is the biggest and strongest "machine" endangering our freedom. We have witnessed how a population unwillingly lives under a governmental system which knows only one party and one belief, which suppresses free debate, free elections, free newspapers, books and trade unions, and which builds a wall to keep truth a stranger and its own citizens prisoners.

Successfully this huge machine has been swallowing mile after mile of earth, mile after mile of freedom and liberty. Yes, free men have fought back valiantly and will continue to do so, but I think that at this moment Communism has reached an all-time high. I have reason to believe that the Communist grasp has reached into the heart of America, into the Midwest, and her chief city, Two Rivers. Here is a collection of some of the more recent incidents which support my point of view.

There has been a series of incidents over the past few years concerning Washington High School (named after Irving Washington, a prominent leader in the Bolshevik revolution) and Lincoln High (named after that great American, Abraham Lincoln). The resentment Washingtonians have for Lincolnites is down and outright. It proves the hatred for anything representing the democracy of America.

Secondly, Russian coal barges have been sighted in the Two River's harbor fishing for carp. Anyone knows that coal barges don't fish for carp, but fish for bullheads. I could safely say that there is something fishy going on there.

Thirdly, I have noticed on frequent visits to Carptown, that's Potowami Indian for Two Rivers, that there seems to be a great quantity of Russian fuji nuts in that town's stores. Evidently, since Russian fuji nuts are extremely hard to get in anti-Communist countries, there must be some tie between Two Rivers and Moscow.

Fourthly, that great American newspaper, the NEW YORK TIMES, has been replaced on Carptown's—I being a Potowami Indian use the name frequently—news stands by a newspaper called PRAVDA, not even printed in

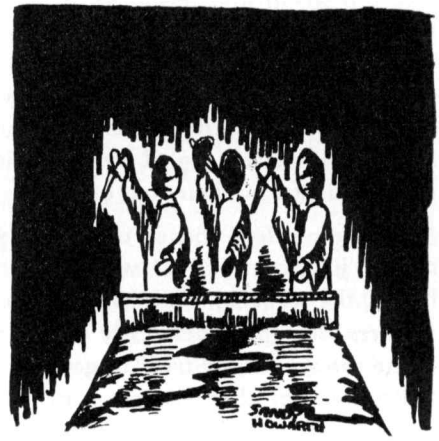
English. Superman comics have been known to have been replaced by Mighty Yuri comics.

But what really hurt most of all happened Tuesday. I walked into the Eagle's Club at Two Rivers. The city manager of that city was talking to a bald, fat man who kept on running around with a vodka gimlet in his hand shouting, "We will bury Manitowoc!"

Are we losing Two Rivers to the Russians? Arise citizens of America. Face the facts. Send for the free booklet, "What to do about Commies in Carptown." Send 17c in coin to Elmer Sworf's Broom Closet, First Floor, United Nations Bldg., Indianapolis 3, Indiana.

Poetry, Honorable Mention

LINCOLN ROCKWELL



By Mark Lipschutz '62

Lincoln Rockwell (may his soul descend!)
Awoke one night as a dream did end,
And in front of his bed, (could it be true?)
He saw a Negro, a Catholic, a Jew;
Each held a dagger of glistening gold;
Rockwell spoke in a tone not bold,
And to those visions in the room he said,
"Why comest thou, who should all be dead?"
And one of them answered, in a voice of hate,
"To punish those who discriminate."
"And I am one?" said Lincoln. "It is so,"
Replied the vision. Lincoln spoke more low,
And more fearfully now, and said, "I pray thee tell,
Will I be destined for the gates of Hell?"
The visions nodded and vanished. The next night
They led Lincoln down to the eternal firelight,
They showed him a list of those G—d had cursed,
And lo! The name of Lincoln Rockwell came first.

Short Story, Fourth Place

A BLESSED EVENT IN CATACOMB NUMBER TWO

By David Hackbarth '64

THE SURF POUNDED heavily on the shore and a cold wind from above blew through the trees just as it had for centuries before. The water, the wind, the sky, and the trees were all there. The winds were unchanged, save for their constant odor of ashes, and they rustled the pink, hanging fungus entangled through thin branches. The bushes and grasses below, burdened by their coat of fungus, shivered in the greyness.

"Nature does change over long periods of time," reflected WX-9-2 to no one in particular. He stood on the cliff overlooking the bay. In the sea below, the seagulls, some wingless, some footless, and most with little or no feathers, struggled helplessly in the waves. The pitiful cries of the birds broke the air as they tried to get nearer one another, not for group warmth, but to tear a brother or sister apart in a struggle for food. In these times, few organisms could afford not to be carnivorous. To eat the plants, with their lumpy, poisonous coat of pink nodules, could very well prove to be fatal.

WX-9-2 enjoyed coming to the beach at twilight, for this was the time when the tides brought warmth to the shore. He could see the warmth glowing green on the waters, coming closer with every beat of the waves. Many plants, like the animals, had changed radically from those of the past, and the seaweeds were no exception. It seemed as though all of the plants of the waters had joined into one great, glowing mass which came and receded with the tides. Closer it came, and the smell of the rotting sea life which it carried with it came also. The green glow lit the skies like the aurora as far down the coast as the eye could see. The huge fermenting mass generated the heat and light until the autumn weather was changed to that of spring. It was in the summer that the tides were actually unwelcome because of the great heat and odor. Then the people seldom left the cool depths of the catacombs. Now winter, the most dreaded time of the year, was soon to be upon them and any warmth was not only welcome but needed. Once the men of the sciences were ordered by the Authority to take samples of the seaweed and experiment with it. They tried to make use of the great heat generated by the plants, but when isolated, the glow and the heat quickly died with the seaweed.

It was not only the animals who must live in masses. Plants now knew the necessity of group life.

WX-9-2 silently watched the shimmering mass come closer. The remains of what had been a ship was entangled in the slime—a grim reminder that ocean travel was now impossible. There was no real desire to travel. Things were no better anywhere. Now and then an exchange of radio messages occured between the widely spaced catacomb sectors, but this practice was not frequent. There was positively a trend of isolation developing between sectors. Evidently, the Authority thought that communication was a waste of power which could not be spared on such minor things.

The heavy smell of ocean decay was now overpowering. WX-9-2 turned from the seashore and walked toward the single tower light in the distance. The light was flashing now; more a suggestion than an order that all on the surface should return to the catacomb.

Ahead of him, on the narrow path, a ball of fur and flesh shivered violently. A tentacle extended from somewhere in its middle, waved in the air a moment and withdrew as the thing rolled off the path and into the grasses beyond. WX-9-2 shuddered and walked on, wondering whether the thing had been a dog or a cat. WX-9-2 prided himself on his ability to recognize and name these organisms. "This must be nature rebelling," he thought, "rebelling against its abuse by man." This much he had figured out for himself. Certainly no one would have told him such a thing! Knowledge was to be had by all who rated in aptitude, but he was sure that things had been different, once. The past was only recorded in the dark journals hidden behind locked doors, accessible to only those high-ranking officials of the Upper-Authority who would keep the secrets of their readings. Still, some rumors had managed to leak out. Rumors which told how things were not always like this. Rumors which hinted that once men did not live in the underground catacombs which were only now beginning to show signs of decay after so many centuries of use and forcing men to go to the surface and live on the scarred and barren land.

He had heard how at one time the algae compounds which were raised in the huge water vats were not the only source of food and liquid. How these compounds when compressed into membrane were not always worn in a toga fashion as clothing. And he had heard of the terrible greed and hate of man for man and had wondered whether that were the reason of their sub-surface world. "How could it possibly be?" he had wondered. Yet, somehow deep down in his mind, he knew that this seemed to be a mutant world for which man was responsible. This was his "normal," but what did the past know as normal? These were the thoughts of WX-9-2, having not a name, but an Authority classification, as he entered the down-shaft of Catacomb Number Two.

At the base of the shaft, he went through the ritual called "Decontamination." It was merely a ritual. He stood beneath the four nozzles which ex-

Gierke

tended from the wall and turned the large dial. As usual, nothing happened; but nothing was expected. It was merely a ritual. No one knew its purpose, only the tradition demanded that a person entering the catacomb from the world above must always stand beneath the nozzles and turn the large dial. Possibly, at one time, something had come from those mysterious nozzles, but that was knowledge of the past. Only now could he enter the heavy door blocking Central Passage.

He carefully closed the door behind him and looked down the long hall. Far down at the hall's other end was the huge infirmary. Behind these walls lived the females of the catacombs. It was rumored that not even ninety females were left in all the sectors put together. WX-9-2 knew that his race was a dying one and the women were dying first. The quality of the children they were producing was much below par, so this is why they had all been gathered and taken to the infirmary to be guarded from possible harm. WX-9-2 held the past responsible for this, also. "Why hadn't they planned for the future as we do?" he wondered, knowing he would never know the answer.

Towards the infirmary, there seemed to be an uncommon amount of excitement. He hastened toward the large group forming there. MN-5-2, a close acquaintance, joined him. "What is the reason for all the happiness?" inquired WX-9-2.

"Today a new child was born and he will be on display tonight in the cubicle in front of the infirmary," was the reply.

They walked toward the rest of the men gathered around the glass cube. After a brief wait, a man of science finally paced from the infirmary carrying a small bundle wrapped in warm, white algae membrane. The noise of the crowd suddenly died down as the scientist arrived at the glass cube and opened the door in its side. Gently, the child was placed on the soft lining and uncovered. The door was closed, the scientist was lost in the crowd, and all was quiet. One by one the group of male observers fell back, some actually crying and others covering their mouths with their hands. Finally, the back portion of the group had its turn at the cube. WX-9-2 slowly raised his eyes to look at the obviously degenerate child within. He held his breath and looked for a long while at the little boy with his soft, pink skin and sparse amount of blond hair. The child's eyes were closed in peaceful, undisturbed rest.

The two friends turned silently from the cube and walked toward their end of the catacomb. "Another throwback," said MN-5-2. "And here I thought we were progressing." WX-9-2 said nothing. His head was down, his eyes were closed, and he couldn't control the violent shaking which told of the sorrow he felt. MN-5-2 continued. "Man must be reverting back to the plants. Did you notice the growth on his head? Was it the fungus?" WX-9-2 said nothing. MN-5-2 continued. "Did you see those eyes? Imagine, a pair of eyes!" MN-5-2 noticed the sadness of his friend and put his third arm around WX-9-2's scaly shoulder. "It is the fault of the past," he said.

Sketch, First Place

FIVE O'CLOCK

By Sharon Olson '62

I WEARILY SHIFTED the position of the books I held in my arms and once more peered down the busy main street. Squinting my eyes to bring distant shapes into focus, I laboriously scanned the crowd of last minute shoppers for the familiar figure of my mother. She was not in sight, and we were supposed to meet Dad at the parking lot right away. The huge clock outside the bank whirred softly; then the minute hand slipped forward a notch with an almost indistinguishable click. It was five o'clock. Store doors banged shut with the sound of finality as employees hurried through them toward their cars and home. The sharp staccato click of their heels against the pavement seemed to re-echo, "Gotta get home, gotta get home!" I surveyed the stretch of sidewalks again; still no Mother. A driver honked impatiently at a dawdler marring his homeward progress. The whole street suddenly seemed filled with noisy and restless automobiles that had taken on the characteristics of their excitable and intolerant drivers. An angry squeal of brakes indicated when the light at the intersection was red. After a tension-filled interim, the light changed and the cars leaped forward in unison like a line of high-strung race horses breaking away from a starting gate. By this time the waiting had become unbearable for me. After a last futile glance, I turned to go. At that instant I recognized the beep of our family car. There was Dad, and with him Mother, whom he had already picked up. With a sigh of relief, I ran toward the car, finding myself, for some strange reason, very anxious to get home.

Essay, Honorable Mention

ORGANIZE!

By Rachel Omas '62

ORGANIZATION—organization—organization! Now is the time for everything to be grouped, cataloged, classified, and organized.

Clubs must be formed and elections must be held. One must keep busy, busy, busy.

First on the agenda, one must find something that has never been organized before—which is pretty difficult in our grouped world. Then one must decide whether he wants to be "anti" something or "pro" something. This is essential because it is now in vogue for everyone to feel vehemently on whatever he chooses to advocate.

Next, an acceptable title is required . . ."Mo's Leper Colony for Undesirable Girls," "The National Association for the Advancement of Underfed Cockroaches."

After having thought of a title, the subsequent step is to get some members. This is not always the easiest part because unlike church and civic groups, this organization does not intend to incorporate a social life into its activities. Now that all the prerequisites are completed, on to the important things like elections, dues, constitution writing, dues, meetings, dues, projects, dues, and dues.

Once organized, this club can begin its worth-while activities such as discussing the next fund-raising project or simply sitting around debating what should be done concerning an issue that demands immediate action.

If all these rules are carefully followed, the new club can rest assured it will be considered a respectable and worthy group by all the thousands of purposeless organizations existent throughout the world today.

Poetry, Honorable Mention ***By Muffey Heffernan '63***

GARDEN OF LIFE

May my faults be like the annuals—
Easy prey to Winter's strife—
Dying with the changing season,
Passing swiftly from the life.

May my virtues be perennials—
Lovely shades and stalks so tall—
May they boast of Him Almighty,
May their fruits be shared by all.

Editorial, Third Place

Part-time Jobs, Anyone?

By Carol Wetenkamp '63

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to have twenty dollars a week to spend? Well, every year an increasing number of high school students are getting part-time jobs. On the surface, this may seem very commendable. But how many students are using the money they receive for truly worth-while purposes? Most of this money is spent on clothes which are not really needed; or on cokes, candy and gum which do no more than ruin the teeth and complexion.

In my opinion, too much money without the maturity to know how to handle it gives young people a false sense of values. Extra spending money may sound grand, but is it worth all the troubles and problems that go with it?

I'm against students having part-time jobs. A part-time job consumes a great deal of time. Many extra-curricular activities have to be given up. Homework is neglected and grades go down, depriving one of learning. Work at home, studies in school, and a part-time job really keeps one on the go. Staying up late every night to get homework done doesn't help much either. Without the proper amount of sleep, the student's disposition tends to be on the grouchy side, and resistance to colds and other sicknesses is lowered. And without health, what is life?

When we're going to school, learning and all the activities which contribute to learning should be the most important things. Spending money and the frills it will buy are only secondary.

Poetry, Honorable Mention ***By Margaret Dalton '62***

THE DRAWER

It holds pencils and playing cards.
Bits of dirty paper are stuck in its sides;
Broken crayons mark up its bottom.
If you throw away the Queen or the Jack, and the
Broken lead tip, the bits of paper and the crayon
marks are still there.
We look clean; but there are marks on us also.

Poetry, Fifth Place

Dancing Daughters

By Muffey Heffernan '63

"Granny, Granny, tell me true
When you were young,
What did you do?"
And Granny didn't blink an eye
And was nostalgic in reply,
"I shimmied."
"Mother, Mother, tell me true,
When you were young,
What did you do?"
And Mother tapped a nervous toe,
And swung her necklace to and fro,
"I Charlestoned."
"Sister, sister, tell me true,
When you were young,
What did you do?"
And sister wailed a "houn' dog" tune
And went into a semi-swoon,
"I rock 'n rolled."
And, I, oh my,
What can I do?
Not your dances,
They're taboo!
I put one foot behind the other,
And I shock my granny, sis, and mother.
I twist.

Short Story, Third Place

WAITING . . .

By Judy Reif '62

HER HAND TREMBLED as she brought the iron down on the collar of the last shirt. Soon her daughter's family would be home and expecting their dinner. She would have to hurry. It would be easier to prepare the meal herself than to accept unwilling help from her daughter or granddaughter. They did not mean to be unkind; they were simply too busy. Since the death of her husband twenty years ago, she had been living with the family. It was not bitterness that made her think that maybe she was living for the family. After all, Dorothy had been the first of her children to offer to keep her.

She was eighty-three years old, and her gaunt frame told her that she looked every bit her age. And yet she knew the years had not treated her too harshly. Every day she thanked God that she still possessed a fairly keen mind.

Having finished the shirt and carefully placed it on a hanger, she put away the iron. The heavy ironing board would have to wait until her daughter came home. Her shoes made a gritty sound on the unwaxed linoleum as she slowly shuffled to the table with the plates in her right hand. She always kept her left hand free in order to steady herself.

The meal differed little from that of any other Friday evening. The family talked about the coming weekend at their cottage and the new boat. The old woman looked forward to the peace that the week-end with the family gone would mean for her. She would have work to do, but at least it would be quiet.

The ceaseless prattle of the television set bothered her tonight. She couldn't remember the last time the family had spent an entire night without having the set on. She was very tired as she dried the last dish and dropped the dishtowel into the washbasket.

Tonight she went to bed earlier than usual. She knew she would need all the sleep she could get if she were to do the next day's cleaning. Long ago she had stopped kneeling as she said her prayers, but never did she forget to say them. Tonight, as was her final gesture every night, she fondly placed her hand over the black book on the bedside table. She knew the bankbook showed she still had almost three thousand dollars. It would be enough for

her funeral if she didn't use it up through any lingering illness. As an afterthought she added this petition to her prayers.

Dorothy knocked on her door at 6 A. M. "You better get up, Ma," she said. "We're leaving now."

"Have a nice time," the old woman answered.

As she made her coffee, she mentally listed the things she knew she must do. Unconsciously she placed the less important tasks at the end. Past experience told her she might never get to them. She wished Dorothy had remembered to get cream. She hated her coffee without it.

When she had finished the dishes, she began to clean the living room. Hearing the mailman, she went to the door. She hoped there would be letters from her children. With the mail still in her hand, she sat down in the huge armchair, hardly filling half of it. Just one letter was addressed to her, and she could tell that it was a bank statement. Maybe there would be letters for her on Monday.

She couldn't understand why she was so tired. She rested her head against the chair and decided that a few minutes rest wouldn't set her back too far in her work. Her last thought was of the family's vacation. The chair was very comfortable. Finally her eyelids surrendered to the extreme fatigue of eighty-three years.

Her funeral was held on the following Tuesday. The family dutifully accepted the condolences of relatives and friends. When they had returned home, Dorothy cleaned out the room which had belonged to her mother. At dinner that night she told her daughter that she could have a room of her own now.

Poetry, Honorable Mention

Silent Harbor

By Larry Lynch '62

Sultry ships,
    Dark silhouettes,
Weird shadows
    Enfold the decks.
Rippled waves
    Soothe my brain;
How black the night,
    It's quiet's gain.
Scraping boards,
    The mood is set;
Peaceful water,
    I linger yet.

Editorial, Fourth Place

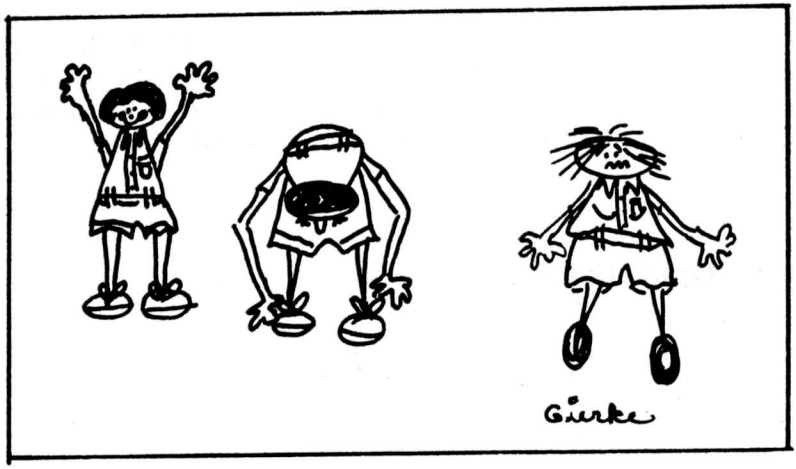
EXERCISES

By Janet Vnuk '62

I'M NOT SICK, just very sore. I cannot seem to get into the jump of things. I agree with President Kennedy that we should promote physical fitness throughout the country, but not in two weeks.

I was a perfectly happy and normal child, maladjusted only in a normal way. Now I feel as if all my poor little muscles are crying out for mercy and I can do nothing about it.

I want our school to be one of the best in everything, but there are rules to be followed in everything. I know that jump-up tests and sit-up tests should not be given two weeks after beginning the exercises. The first week a person is so sore from doing them she can hardly move; the second week we try to do a little each night. It takes time to develop muscles correctly. More harm can be done by putting a strain on the muscles than by building them gradually.



I have been going to a doctor of physical therapy for eight months, and I know many exercises to build muscles. I also know something about breath control. Many of the exercises used in our gym are along the right lines, though they are wrong. Jump-ups and push-ups are not for girls. NO girl wants big shoulders and large leg muscles. These are exercises made for boys. Breath control takes quite a while to achieve, and any virtuoso singer can attest to that.

I'm lucky I am ahead because I do not have to tax the strength of my

body as much as many of the girls, but what about the girls who should be careful? Proper exercises could be good for them. Why must we all be graded on the same level of physical strength? If we are going to have a program like this, why must we dive into it without knowing the causes and effects? When I asked my teacher what the jump-up exercises were for, she said breath control. That was a wrong answer in itself. She doesn't know much about it. Yoga offers a better form of breath control. Jump-up exercises tax the leg, arm, and shoulder muscles. It is easy to do them as far as breath is concerned. Breathe through the mouth to begin with; then breathe deeply. It is easy for someone who sings to do this, for he knows how to breathe.

I'm sure when President Kennedy got this program started he did not mean to put all of us into one classification, and rise to the same standards, or fail gym, which is required for graduation. It is not fair to take this program and fit it to all of us. It won't work. Some kids will do anything to have an A in gym. What about those with asthma, chronic appendicitis, or high blood pressure? Will they flunk gym? Will they have to stop altogether if they can't keep up, or will they settle for low marks? How can this be right? Why can't we help work out a program? Why can't each be judged according to his ability here as in other classes, and not by the number of push-ups he can do?

This program was taken out of a little book, and the book does not know all the answers.

Book Review, Fourth Place ***By Karen Tienor '63***

The Hidden Persuaders

By VANCE PACKARD

DO YOU BUY ONLY what you want and need? Do you make your own choice in voting? In THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS, author Vance Packard says no!

It is time the public knew that they are being led into doing things they don't want to do and buying things they don't want to buy! It's time people knew that their emotions are being used! It's time people knew that they are being taken!

This book discusses the use of motivational research in advertisement and politics and questions whether it is morally right to use the behavioral sciences in this way. It explains how motivational research probes our emotions and subconscious minds.

It may now occur to the readers that this is not right and should be stopped. But stopping it is impossible. Therefore we must combat it in another way: by informing the consumers and voters about it. A more knowledgable public will not be fooled by these practices. One of the best sources of information on this subject is THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS.

Poetry, First Place

CAN YOU TELL?

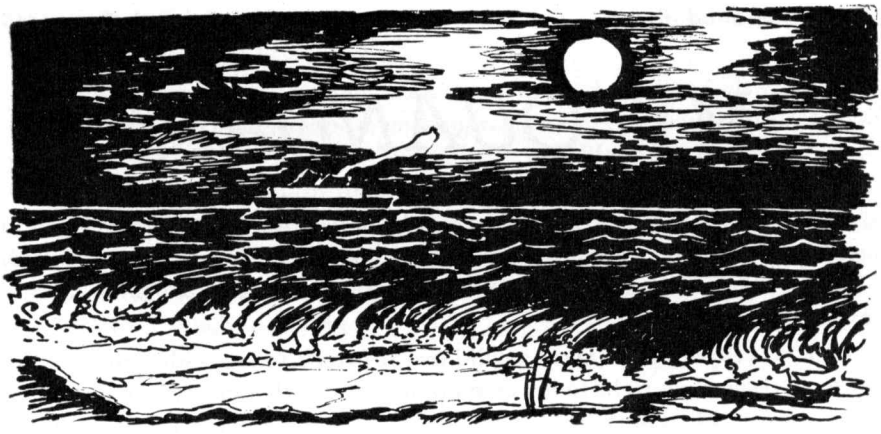
By Judi Hansen '62

Who is normal?
The boy across from me?
His life looks perfect.
He has all he could ever want.
Still he is unhappy.
Yet who knows this
But he who is tormented?

The girl in front of me?
She is a good student.
Her father is a hard-working farmer.
She is sometimes ashamed.
Yet who knows this
But she who is tormented
With shame?

The person in my chair?
Am I normal?
I am sometimes absorbed in inner anger
And helpless submission.
Yet who knows this
But I who am tormented
With guilt and frustrations?

Who is normal?
How can you say?
Can you see anything
But an outside shell?



Sketch, Honorable Mention

A Mood of Lake Michigan

By Frances Valitchka '62

A MORNING SUNRISE finds Lake Michigan calm and peaceful, her green waters lazily rolling shoreward. She is silent, serene, and beautiful. A few seagulls loll in her gentle undulating arms. The strong and staunchy piers lie restfully on her bosom stretching themselves from shore to catch the rays of the rising sun.

Evening time slowly comes to the sun's hostess. Now she prepares for the moon and her children to come out and play. She sends her waves upon the beach in a slow romantic rhythm. The moon enhances the lake's face by covering it with a shimmering path of silver-white light. As the hours pass, constellations make their grand march across the heavens like knights of old, in glittering armor, passing before the king and queen. A car-ferry, its many lights blazing, glides effortlessly out of port adding its splendor to nature's display.

Essay, Second Place **By Rachel Omas '62**

MY QUANDARY

ALL MY LIFE I HAVE been taught respect for elders. I have tried to follow this teaching and live up to its implications. Along with respect for elders, I have been taught to question, to think, and to express my feelings.

It was explained to me as a child that if I respected my elders they would, in turn, respect my right to my own opinions, even though mine might differ from theirs. My family told me I could ask any question, differ with any opinion, or express any emotion if I did these things bearing in mind the first maxim, respect for elders.

Not only did my family tell me these things, but so did my teachers. From the time I was able to understand the words, my instructors praised the freedom of speech which we in America possess. Of course, they always explained the limitations of this freedom. Slander, libel, and discourtesy were all things I was told to avoid. I can comprehend these things and understand why it is logical they be banned.

After learning all the pretty words and lovely propaganda, I can come to only one conclusion . . . they are nothing but pretty words and lovely propaganda.

All the things I have been taught along these lines certainly do exist—as long as one does not exercise them.

Unfortunately, I believed all these fables . . . until this year. However, I do not credit myself with any great discerning powers. It took me almost four years of repeated reprimands, periodic class expulsions, and countless incidents which caused me to endure unnecessary feelings of guilt, before I realized that adults really don't want to know my opinions and that they tend to become offended if I do express my true feelings.

Sometimes I think adults fear that I might be right and thus usurp their authority. If this be the case, I cannot understand why teachers (in particular) would place themselves in such an unstable position that is subject to correction. A few teachers state that they are open to criticism and some go so far as to say they welcome it. It has been my experience that these individuals are the first to resent any youthful comment contradicting their ideas.

Patiently, I have sat through all the after-class lectures. In these talks I have heard myself referred to as a "superior student" and the "spark of the class." Almost all the instructors with whom I have had these sessions have asked me not to become unresponsive or to stop contributing to the class discussion. I would like to continue participating in the class, but I am afraid.

If I have offended a certain teacher once, how do I know I would not, inadvertently, do so again?

I am aware I am bitter, but more than that I am confused. If the principles I was so carefully taught are nothing but pleasant sounding ideals, I have no alternative but to withdraw. But if what my elders said is really true, to what extent do I dare follow their teachings?

No one has been able to advise me as to which path I should follow. It is a question of which I want more—freedom of expression that can include rebuke, or the security of the silence that limits my learning. It is a question I want VERY much to answer.

Sketch, Honorable Mention ***By Marcia Teitgen '63***

The Little Boy Soldier

THE BOY IS LEAVING. He is entering the Army. After four long and tedious years of college, he cannot practise what he has learned for military service stands like a cement wall blocking his pathway to success. He is sorrowful.

Surveying the boy, one sees a smooth face, marred only by a small blemish near his high hairline. His forehead is broad with reddened skin from a skiing trip in the past. The blue eyes burn with the anticipation of a new experience. A small scar in the corner of these smoldering eyes indicates a tumble when he was a small, husky lad. His baby-smooth cheeks, his ample nose, and large jowels are old family characteristics. The boy's coarse beard is beginning to make its appearance.

Stubbornness, kindness, selfishness, reluctance, holiness, worldliness, and innocence are all mirrored on his countenance. One large ear protruding slightly more than the other distracts from the symmetry of his head. His neck is thick with muscle that seems to stretch under his skin like a strong seaman's rope. His body is thick but not corpulent. The waistline has become fleshy from idleness. The boy grasps a small bag which contains only the few essentials an enlistee is allowed to possess.

The young hopeful leans over and embraces two women who appear to be mother and grandmother. The younger woman giggles slightly for the shadowing beard injures her supple skin. The boy turns and mounts the steps into the vehicle which will take him to his far-off destination.

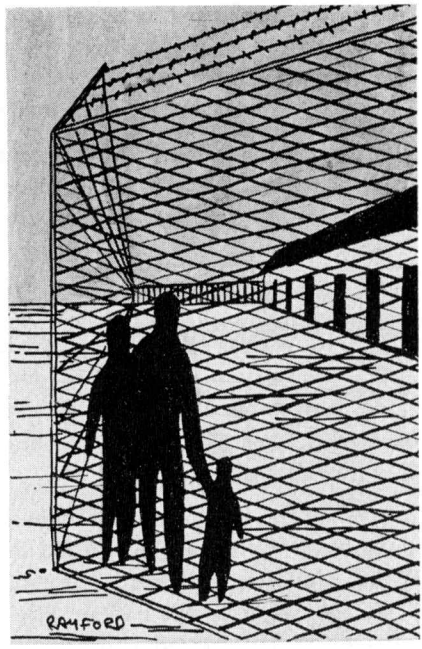
How this observer wishes that she could overhear his thoughts! Mother and grandmother turn with strange expressions covering their faces. They have realized that their boy has matured into an intelligent, fully capable adult.

440

The gun is fired,
You hear its sharp crack.
Your tensed muscles start you
On your journey around the track.
Eight men straining,
Each trying for the lead.
Each runner telling himself
That he will succeed.
But it is you
Who are willing to exert
That energy consuming,
Lead the seizing spurt.
Now commanding the lead
Your limbs you force,
To produce the speed and power
Of a thoroughbred horse.
Three-quarters completed,
Not far to the finish,
Your breathing has deepened.
Your strength has diminished.
Now movement is painful
Your muscles swell,
While your mind is enduring
A psychological hell.
Just twenty yards to go
And suddenly the L—d gives you strength,
To speed up your pace
And increase your stride's length.
The tape in approaching
You give a final burst,
And through your gallant effort
You have placed first.

Book Review, Third Place
By Jane Strouf '63

THREE CAME HOME



By AGNES NEWTON KEITH

TOUCHING, UNDERSTANDING, and rewarding is the brave and compassionate story of three and a half years spent in prison camps, written by one of the few who have lived to tell of it.

Agnes Newton Keith, author of THREE CAME HOME, never lost her courage in presenting an interesting as well as factually accurate record of the brutality, humility, and hatred of war. Yet, her book contains the daring, selflessness, and love portrayed by those prisoners who did survive its harsh nature.

Mrs. Keith, along with a son who was born shortly before their imprisonment, and her husband lived through three and a half years of fear, hunger, dirt, torture, death, bitterness, hatred, and every degradation and infamy to which human beings can be subjected. However, a special kind of fear lingered with Mrs. Keith because of concealed diaries and notes which she devotedly kept throughout her life in the prison camps.

With gaiety and firmness, and with the absence of bitterness and spite, Mrs. Keith reveals a picture of what human nature can endure. People through fortitude and ingenuity overcame the most adverse conditions. People, who hated war and imprisonment, realized that laughter was better nourishment for the human spirit than tears. A picture of perserverance and endurance in the face of every insult and destitution is presented.

THREE CAME HOME might be regarded as an especially effective sermon on the uselessness of hate. It motivates the reader to realize that freedom is invaluable. It is frightening to those who dare to utter the words "the next war".

Short Story, First Place

HIDDEN LOVE

By Judi Hansen '62

THE WIND BLEW his dark hair into his eyes as he tried to hang up the clothes. A cold gust suddenly caught the wet shirt he was holding and slapped it into his face. Sputtering and swearing, he reached into his pocket for a clothespin. Washing, a d—— foolish thing for a man to be doing, he thought.

After the last dripping article was hung on the line, he felt the need for a cigarette. Carefully he worked the lighter out of the pocket of his snug-fitting bluejeans and lit up. He ran his fingers through his hair like a comb. Then he picked up the basket. His black boots made a hollow sound on the partially frozen ground as he walked back to the house.

It was a lot warmer inside. He quickly discarded the heavy leather jacket on the big overstuffed chair. He wished that the d—— thing would fall apart or something so he wouldn't have to wear it anymore. Why had he insisted on getting the d—— thing anyway? To be part of the gang? He didn't need those hoods. Yea, hoods, that's what they were, nothing but a bunch of hoods.

He surveyed the room. Bobby sat on the upstairs steps quietly playing with a plastic truck. Johnny lay half on the floor and half on the davenport shooting the marbles over a ramp of books. At the desk sat the father, holding his head in his hands. He quickly looked around the room again.

"Where's Karen?" he asked.

No one answered his question.

After snatching up the paper, he lit another cigarette. Hurriedly he scanned the headlines for something interesting to read, but he looked at the front and back pages only. He glanced up at the clock. Dropping the paper on the floor, he said to the father, "Come on, we better get going." Then he went upstairs to change his clothes. His good wool slacks and white shirt made him feel uncomfortable; they weren't worn very often. When he came downstairs again, the father was already in the car. He lit another cigarette. Then he ran out of the house and jumped into the car.

Silence prevailed during the whole trip to town. The rattle of the engine was like a sacrilegious voice in a cemetery. The car finally made a sputtering halt in front of a big house made of tannish-brown brick. The father went in

immediately, but he loitered outside. It started to snow. He swore at the thought of the washing on the line. Then with an air of resolution he stomped out his cigarette and went in.

It smelled good inside. Just like in the summer time, he thought. Most of the people were getting ready to leave. He spied a few of his aunts and uncles. Carefully he stepped behind a vase of flowers that stood on a pedestal. After some time the room was almost empty. The father was in a side room in deep conversation with a man in a dark suit.

Quietly he made his way to the other end of the room. His face was set in non-expression. He hid his tightly clenched hands in his pockets. He stared fixedly ahead. Suddenly tears began rolling down his pale cheeks. He reached up and clasped the casket cover with an angry hand, but infirmity conquered. He tried to smile. "Good-by, Mom," was all that he said.

Poetry, Honorable Mention

DAUNT

By Nancy Jagodensky '62

Man,
Contempory man,
Periculose man,
Have you seen black, leafy forms,
Motionless against a flaming background,
And their relative, synthetic copies
Reproduced as shimmering waters?
Have you not heard a melodious theme
Through the sonorous clicking of bats
And the distant howling of dogs at twilight?
Surely you remember the diamond glitter of
New fallen snow beneath a silver moon of winter.
Or the mighty clashing of waves upon
The sands of their destruction,
The sands of time.
Look, man. Look at the lasting, timeless
Beauty which ancient man has seen before you.
Now, modern man, who are you to say that
No man shall ever again look upon such beauty?

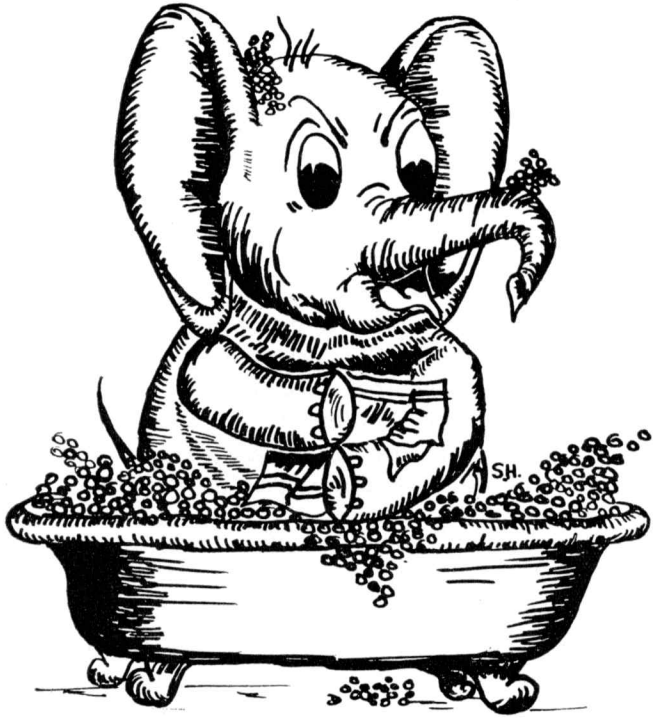
Sketch, Honorable Mention ***By Nancy Eber '62***

The Elephant in Our Bathroom

OUR HOUSEHOLD, I have deduced, is rather unusual because of the fact that we are harboring an elephant in our bathroom. Now, our bathroom is rather small; but so, I believe, is the elephant. I say believe because I have never seen him personally. I have, however, been warned not to step on him and have seen secret supplies of popcorn and peanuts (the elephant is crazy about peanuts) being carried in to him.

The owner of the elephant is not unusual. As a matter of fact, she is quite pleasing to look upon, having regular features, shoulder-length taffy-colored hair, and beautiful big brown eyes with long, silky lashes. She is only 37 inches tall; but we don't worry about that, as she has over 15 years in which to grow before she becomes of age.

As for the elephant, I doubt that he will assume the long life most elephants do. As a matter of fact, he will probably pass away from her imagination as quickly as the goblins, Indians, and little green cat have.



Short Story, Honorable Mention *By Janet Wienerski '63*

AN EPISODE OF AGE

I'M REALLY NOT THE TYPE of person who watches birds and gets a kick out of planting things or stuff like that. I couldn't even tell you the name of our gardener, you know? What I'm trying to say is that it's not often I get the urge to walk through woods.

It all started the day I was chosen to be general chairman of our Student-Faculty Dance. At the school I go to, this is the biggest thing that can happen to a person. It's more important even than being president of the student council or something like that. I don't know why it's such a big honor, I guess it just is. Anyway, I was walking home that afternoon from school, feeling pretty light-hearted and proud of myself. I had just passed the corner where the shoestore burned down when I remembered an old short cut I used to take when I was younger.

You see, I live pretty much on the outskirts of town and there is a sort of woods dividing our suburb from the downtown area. There has been talk of making it into a public park, but so far nothing has been done. Well, anyway it's much faster to walk through the woods than to try and walk around.

It really was a beautiful day. The temperature was kind of cold, and I remember wishing that I had my gloves with me as I turned the collar of my coat up around my neck. Our part of Wisconsin is always cold in September.

There were just enough dry leaves on the ground to make it sound like I was stepping on dozens of delicate Christmas tree ornaments. I began to make a game of crushing only the red leaves and I guess that's why I didn't see him. Anyway, I screamed and must have looked awfully scared because he was laughing and telling me he didn't bite people. He was so funny looking that pretty soon I was laughing too.

I judged him to be about seventy-five. He was a small man with that kind of stubby-beard look my father gets when he hasn't shaved for a couple of days. Only his whiskers were gray and some of them were longer than others. He wore an old felt hat that kept falling into his eyes and his over-all appearance made me think he could have been one of Santa's helpers.

He looked so perfectly harmless and friendly that we started to talk. He told me that his name was Dan and that he was looking for his dog, Belle. Had I seen her? I said no, I hadn't, but I'd keep my eyes open for her. Then I waved good-by and went home.

I thought no more of the incident because I was too involved with my preparations for the dance. I really wanted to do a good job on it.

The next day I had to stay after school to see about decorations and it was almost 4:30 before I was able to leave. I had already missed my bus and there were some things I wanted to think over, so once again I walked home

and once again I took the shortcut through the woods.

I hadn't gone very far when I saw him. He had his dog with him today and he waved and smiled at me like we were old friends or something. I smiled back because I was glad to see he had found his dog, a black cocker spaniel. He said how funny it was that she liked me because she usually didn't take to strangers.

Well, we began to talk again and it wasn't long before I was telling him about the dance. He really was the easiest person to talk to. Things just kept popping into my head, and it was so silly because I didn't even know the guy.

He walked with me to the edge of the woods, and then he said he'd be glad to see me tomorrow if I happened to walk this way. I noticed how his eyes twinkled when he smiled and how his teeth were stained with tobacco juice. I smiled back and said I probably wouldn't because, after all, I was awfully busy.

But I did go back the next day. Partly out of curiosity and partly because I genuinely liked this funny old man. It wasn't long before we became very good friends. I mean, I don't see why one's friends must all be in one's age group, do you?

Anyway, I guess we made a strange trio, Dan and Belle and I. Dan was short. A lot shorter than I and sometimes this gave me a strange protective feeling toward him. I suppose I actually associated him with the grandfathers I never got to meet, as both of mine died before I was born. At any rate, we had lots of fun. There were times when I felt I could talk to Dan about things I didn't even discuss with my parents. You know, things like religion for instance. We talked a lot about God, and he would say how different it was when you were old and ready to die. He made me think of God as a friend, and even now when I pray I usually see Him wearing a felt hat.

I wonder if anyone can understand how or why we became so close. I never told anyone about him. Especially not my mother, who belongs to a lot of clubs and things, and not my friends either. The kids I run around with

are just not the type you can talk woods and fall days with. I mean they're perfectly nice, but, they're smooth. Do you know what I mean? Besides, I was sure they'd only laugh at me.

I never once thought of meeting him anywhere but in the woods. It just wouldn't have been the same. There was a log we'd sit on and then he'd throw sticks for Belle and we'd talk about what had happened to us during the day. Mostly he just walked around or painted or something because he was retired and kind of lonely. Once he told me the one thing in the world he wanted to do was to go to New York and see the sights. It made me laugh to think of Dan and Belle in the middle of Times Square looking up at all the tall buildings.

That last day I had to stay after school for some reason, and it was late when I got to the woods. I was almost tempted to catch a bus home because it was snowing lightly, but I changed my mind and decided I could probably save time if I walked.

I had gone quite a ways before I realized I had passed our regular meeting place and there was still no sign of the old man. It was snowing harder now and I had made up my mind he wasn't coming because of the weather. I quickened my pace. I remember thinking how we were in for a big snowstorm that night.

I had almost gotten to the field where the trees end when I saw a small dark form crawling along the path. I ran to Belle and picked her up and she whimpered in my arms. I was about to scold her for having run away again when I saw the blood on her right foreleg. Then I got really worried and called and called for Dan.

It was dark when I finally got home. Right away my mother wanted to know what had kept me and where I had found the dog. I said I was working late on some final preparations for the dance, and that the dog must be a stray and couldn't I keep her until we found the owner. I cursed myself for not even knowing where Dan lived.

We were all sitting in the living room after dinner that night when my father remarked how awful it was about that poor old man. I looked up and asked, "What old man?"

"The one that got run over walking near the woods this afternoon. Poor old guy. He was hardly hurt but his heart must have given out."

They say that death is hardest to accept when you are young. I lay in bed that night with Belle by my feet and thought of all the good times we had had together. I don't usually think of myself as being useful, but I wondered if maybe I hadn't been good for Dan in some way. And rather then, how much he had done for me. He had given me so much more than friendship.

It's been over a year now and Belle has become a regular part of our family. I've never told anyone about the old man, but I've never forgotten him either. And sometimes when I want to forget about parties and boys and being part of the crowd, I call for Belle and we go for a walk in the woods.

Wrestling — Take Down

By Bill Driscoll '62

You shake his hand,
Turn around.
Keen eyes dart,
While not a sound.

Sweating palms,
Fingers still,
If you don't strike,
You know he will.

Closer . . .
Ever — now!
You've met!
Contact made
And wrists in sweat.

Feel his muscle
Like steel bands,
Gripping, straining,
With his hands.

Quick now — look!
He's made a slip!
A leg too close.
You swiftly dip.

Grab that ankle,
Pull it up.
That's it — force it.
You're on top!

Sketch, Third Place

SURRENDER

By Judy Reif '62

SHE SAT IN THE COTTAGE, staring at the glowing coals in the great stone fireplace. This was the place she loved, for usually she could come here and find the solace for which she desperately longed. The crackling fire, the wind whispering through the leaves of the trees, the waves lapping the innumerable stones—these things should have soothed and refreshed her.

The others were sitting around the old oak table, amiably laughing as they played cards. She heard the crisp snapping of the cards being shuffled. Looking up, she was aware of the stately heads of deer on the walls of the huge main room. Someone asked if she would like to join in the game. "It's getting warm inside," she said. "I'm going out for a walk."

As she crossed the flagstone patio and stepped onto the narrow cement pier, she noticed moss forming on the rocks in the water. The autumn winds would soon be lashing the waves over the now tranquil jetty.

From the end of the pier she stood and gazed at the bluffs across the bay. The trees looked nearly black against the crisp blue sky. She turned to look toward the open water. Two gulls seemed almost transfixed as they soared high in the sky. A piece of cellophane floating in the water at her feet caused the sun to shine in her eyes. She blinked away a tear and took a deep breath.

As she walked to the cottage, she recalled each detail of the scene she had just abandoned. Coming into the main room, she was vaguely conscious of the laughter. Finally she smiled and said, "Deal me in on the next game."

Poetry, Honorable Mention

THE BRAIN SURGEON

By David Usitalo '64

"Scalpel, forceps, scissors," is all you hear him say,
As he digs about your brain in a sanitary way.
But things would be much different if he should ever slip,
He'd say, "Scalpel, forceps, scissors; and a
Band-aid plastic strip!"

Sketch, Honorable Mention

Hail, Sinawa, to Thee

By Stephanie Christman '62

TWO SHRILL BLASTS of the counselor's whistle, five minutes of suitcase scraping and scrambling around, and finally thirty enthusiastic girls are seated around the camp fire eager for their introduction to camp life.

Preliminary rules, stating that girls must never go to the latrine at night without a partner, or come within a ten-foot radius of the counselor's cabin, are quickly dispensed with; and the girls are given a preview of the week's program. After explaining six times the difference between somemores and campfire stew, the counselors try to smile brightly as they mention the overnight on hard bumpy ground and the eight mile hike to St. Nazianz on a blazing hot day. One group can hardly wait to get started, but others come forth with cries of, "Oh, do we have to go?"

Being assured that they don't have to go, yet at the same time being encouraged TO go, most of the girls are overcome with a siege of adventureness, and decide to try both the hike and the overnight.

Tickets to supper for each girl are postcards telling Mom and Dad that she's all settled and is looking forward to a busy week. Plenty of parents have spent sleepless nights worrying about the strange messages written on that first card home. And they have every right, for what would you think if your daughter wrote home and said,

"Tomorrow the mean counselors are making us go on an 18-mile hike to St. Nazianz, and then they're making us sleep outside no matter what the weather is."

Usually written quite small in the corner of the card are the words, "I'm having fun, but I hope I don't get too homesick."

Immediately after supper, though it's only twilight, campers are getting ready for the first all-camp program with flashlights shining brightly. (Usually pointed directly into somebody's eyes.)

During the impressive camp fire the campers change from silly girls into serious girls, stunned a little by the haunting melody of "Just Above the Pigeon Waters" and the stillness and blackness of the woods as they go back to their tents.

Unfortunately this serious mood doesn't last, for as soon as they have jumped into their pajamas and are marching "en masse" to the latrine they are giggling and talking again, this time about how late they will stay awake tonight. If only all girls would scrub their faces and brush their teeth as fervently as campers do the first night!

Although everyone insists stubbornly that she's not tired, the weary counselors finally win half the battle by getting each in her own bed. Giggling, laughing, talking and even screaming goes on unceasingly for about an hour, then tent by tent it subsides to a whisper. The next day the girls will be sure that they couldn't have fallen asleep before two or three o'clock, but by eleven-thirty all is quiet and another "first day" has passed at Camp Sinawa.

Poetry, Honorable Mention

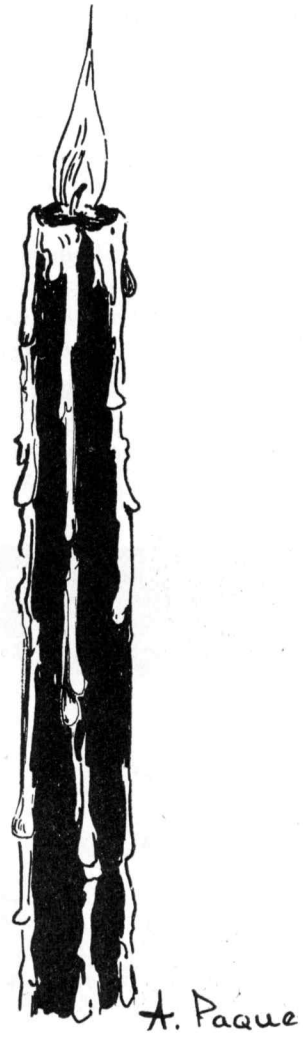
LOVE

By Dennis Halloran '62

At times, love is a spark
Which flickers when struck,
Then either fades away
Or burns steadily brighter.

At times, love is a flame
Which burns with all its power,
An intense, yet pure
And beautiful sight to behold.

At times love is a dying ember
Which warms only its shell,
Sinking slower and slower
To inevitable destruction.



Poetry, Honorable Mention

THE ISLAND

By Michael Wagner '62

Rumbles and shakings at the bottom of the sea
Heralded the birth of an island to be;
Tortured waters rushed to the sky
Scathing birds so very high.
Waves immense were generated
To rush 'cross the sea unabated;
Larger and larger they became,
Finally crashing upon some scene.
Hot lava oozed from the earth
Breaking into the pounding surf;
To Nature rampant upon this morn,
A small island was born.
Millions of years drifted by
Each year the island reached for the sky,
Then life began to inhabit it,
And rock was replaced by green velvet.
Ages progressed, years passed on,
Then man appeared from lands beyond.
They were of Polynesian race
Who wandered 'bout the ocean's face.

Music and laughter they brought with them,
And songs emanated from every glen.
The island rejoiced, for man had come,
And bestowed his gifts on everyone.
Then one day the island shook,
The people screamed, and took to boat.
Rumblings and roarings were in the earth
For Peli, the fire goddess, cares not for mirth.
The island trembled and split asunder
With roars reminiscent of terrible thunder,
Fire and lava flew to the skies
And the people screamed with pitious cries.
The sun was covered, the sea was dark,
Hot lava crashed upon their barks.
"Awé! Awé!" the people cried.
For there was no place for them to hide.
Lightning and thunder shook the air,
Children screamed in mortal terror.
"Awé! Awé!" the people cried.
And the mighty Peli answered with pride.
All ceased. Peli showed her might
And created day from the blackest night.
Peli is great, Peli is strong,
Chanted the people in their song.
Peace returned to the island small
But to her people this was not all,
Honor for Peli they now observed
Honor for Peli whom they now served.

Short Story, Honorable Mention

FORGET? NEVER!

By Mary Ann Kubsch '62

SLOWLY, AND THEN with a great surge, a cold chill ran through me. Shortly after one shiver subsided another took its place. Each time I would let my mind dwell on this new adventure I was about to embark upon, a pang of excitement would grip me until it would feel like a hundred butterflies were fluttering around inside my stomach. I was determined not to let anything discourage me, although my great enthusiasm was being stifled by the continuous excitement I was experiencing.

Determination was the only thing that kept me from turning back. At the appointed time I hesitantly walked through the door. After asking a few questions, I was directed to an office. Again, before rapping softly on the door, I found myself hesitating. Finally, gathering up enough courage, I tapped lightly on the door. In answer to my knock a deep voice yelled out, "Come on in." I opened the door and the first thing I saw was a big man sitting behind a desk. The desk held a collection of everything imaginable. A flashlight, a box of Kleenex, a jar containing an array of pencils and ballpoints, erasers, a stapler, and, what seemed to be, tons of paper cluttered his desk.

I didn't know just what to expect from this man who had such a gruff voice. I stood in the doorway. The man at the desk was talking on the telephone. His conversation consisted of things such as, "Well, it didn't go over too big here. I don't care about excuses; I want the things here when I need them, not weeks later. As if I don't have enough trouble, now he decided to show up." While he was still on the phone he glanced up, saw me standing in the doorway and motioned for me to sit down. There was only one chair in the room and that was right next to his desk, so I had no choice but to sit in it. But before I did sit down, I moved it back a short distance. After settling myself in the chair, I realized, by the tone of voice that the conversation was being said in, that it would last for some time.

I began to relax and to think. I tried to figure out just what this man was like. I compiled all the facts that I could get just from looking at him. He was in his late fifties or early sixties. What hair he had was gray, with faint traces of black. He wore conservative clothes; clothes that a man of his age should wear. His gray-rimmed glasses made his face seem much fuller and much longer than it actually was. Once during his discussion he stood up to get something from a nearby file. During that brief time I realized that

this man was much taller and much heavier than I had expected him to be. I didn't consider him overweight, but a man who was well built for his stature.

As I got to know this person a little better, I observed a few more strange characteristics. When he would walk, his shoes would resound with unforgettable crunching noises that sounded as if he were walking over crisp crackers. This virile individual also had one other characteristic that I noticed. As soon as he would sit down, he would pull the top pants leg up until three-fourths of his lower leg showed.

Later I learned that this gentleman couldn't withstand pressures. Whenever he was under some pressure, he would lash out at almost anybody who was near by. But just as fast as one of these moods would blow up, they would blow away again. He was also a person who was accustomed to giving orders and accustomed to having them carried out quickly and correctly.

Because of his forcefulness and actions that were not always understood, the people around him had a tendency to avoid him. There were some though who weren't afraid to express their opinions to him. Those brave, courageous souls who expressed their opinions were people who had been with him for quite a few years.

The unpredictable, aggressive individual wasn't always one-sided in moods. Weeks to months before a holiday, such as Christmas, he would wish you a Merry Christmas. He also had one saying that brought a chuckle to whoever heard it. His usual morning greeting was, "Miss Smith, from the House of Smith."

After the phone call was completed the man behind the receiver introduced himself to me. I realized, after the introductions were over that my suspicions had been correct. This man was my first boss.

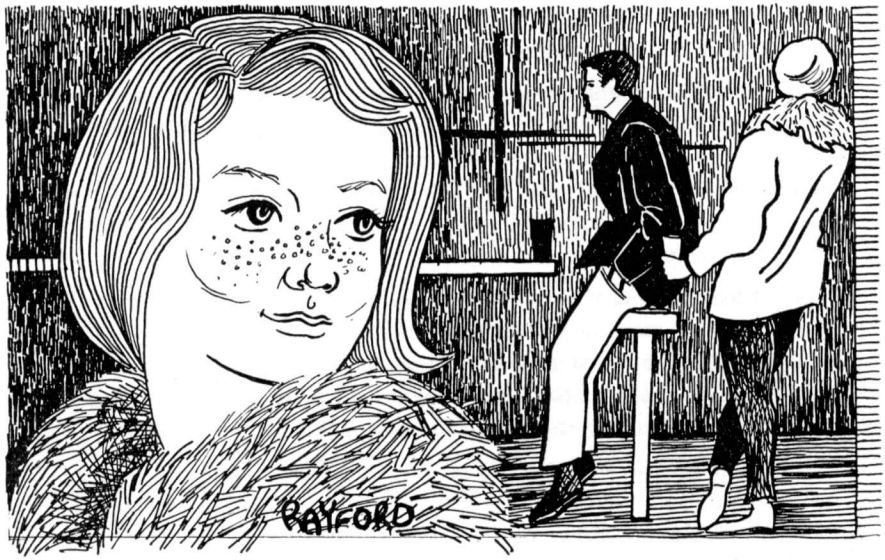
Poetry, Fourth Place Tie

AMBITION

By Sharon Olson '62

Manitowoc——
Small buildings, resigned lives,
Listlessness,
Smiling friends, love,
Boredom——
My Home Town.

New York——
Lighted Broadway, excitement,
Fascination,
Arty Intellectuals, indifference,
Hurt——
My Future.



Sketch, Honorable Mention *By Sharon Olson '62*

PORTRAIT OF A REDHEAD

WITH A SMOOTH, effortless swing of the wheel, the red-haired girl turned her black '53 Mercury into the crowded drive-in, a favorite teenage hangout. She looked remarkably like a circling hawk about to zero in on its prey as she drove round and round the stand, blowing her ooga horn with gusto. Finally, with the aplomb of a born driver, she jerked the car around and squeezed it into an impossible narrow space. Too impatient to wait for car hop service, she slipped her slim, lithe body out from under the wheel and started toward the door of the drive-in. As she crossed, playful gusts of wind flapped the loose corners of her open coat and teasingly mussed her red hair. The red hair was her trade mark. It was the kind of red that stood out in crowds, even a crowd of red heads (if you can imagine that). Upon entering the door, she spied me sitting at the counter. A friendly greeting reached me before her "hello" showed in her warm brown eyes. I smiled back, happy to see her. She was the type of person you were always glad to run into. Maybe it was something in her freckled, round face that seemed made for joking and fun, that caused this. After we exchanged a few words, she glanced at the clock and found she was half an hour late. Before leaving, however, she had to make one purchase . . . a piece of bubble gum. "Can't live without it," she explained, giving a short, infectious laugh. She waved goodby, and her figure disappeared quickly through the door. A few seconds later, I heard the sound of gravel spitting from beneath tires and then the farewell blast of an ooga horn.

Essay, Honorable Mention

Poverty of Mind

By Charles Hagen '62

THE DAY HAS BEEN one filled with many events and just now is nearing its completion. Order and turmoil have ruled over the passing day which is so near its end. The ride through the country in the brisk, sharp air has awakened the drowsy senses and has caused one to relive the day's events. One could only think of the success and failure of the past. Fond memories of past success flirt with the mind's concentration on nothing. The day has been good, or at least you felt it has been. You have been yourself all day; not that imposter that "they" have been trying to make you. The ego is satisfied, and the day is about to slip into peaceful oblivion.

Then enters the disrupting force, the voice of authority. The ego is completely deflated; the bubble of the dream world is burst. The spirit of one has sunk to the depths of despair. There is nothing left for one's satisfaction. Suicide is appropriate. The pills are swallowed and the unconsciousness is creeping up. The act is over with. But what is the horrible thought? A thought of failure! An attempted suicide that failed. How is a person to live with himself when he knows he is willing to commit the act upon himself, that he has actually tried to take his own life. How can he ever trust himself again?

Poetry, Honorable Mention

FOREVER

By Carol Meyer '63

He smiled.
He winked.
He said,
"So long,
See you
Soon."

Now,
It is quiet.
It is dark.
It is frightening.
For he is gone
Forever.

Essay, Honorable Mention

MAN'S REWARDLESS EXISTENCE

By Jean Lemberger '62

EVERY YEAR of my life I've been told, "Work hard in school — you can do better! Some day you'll realize how important an education is! Someday you'll wish you'd done better!" But why work harder? I worked hard in grade school so that I could work harder in high school and still harder in college. Finally after twenty some years of slaving and sacrificing, I'm free—free to do as I please. But society commands me to work—to use the knowledge I've acquired. Suddenly I realize I'm not free, I relinquished freedom and am now bound to a life of hard work to benefit society. But society is not satisfied. She ridicules me, calls me a fool, but I don't care. I'd rather be a fool with a purpose than a conformist doomed to a life of conformity without purpose.

Finally society succumbs — I'm a success, proclaimed in newspapers and books. But what good is it doing ME? My life culminated fifty years previously, an early death because I slaved to be accepted by a society which recognizes success too late to benefit the rejected.

Short Story, Second Place

A Guest

By Rachel Omas '62

SHE LOOKED AT THE people at the party. "Lord," she thought, "what a conglomeration of humanity!"

On one side of the den sat all the boys who felt a compulsion to smoke and to tell dirty stories. A couple of the boys had their girlfriends seated next to them. "They really must be faithful," she thought as she looked at the devoted girls trying to appear demure and feminine in the midst of all the obscene adolescent talk and blue-gray smoke.

Dateless girls had gathered around the refreshment table on the other side of the room. About once a minute their shrill laughter ripped through the murmur of discussion that is always present at a party. They laughed too hard and enjoyed themselves too much. She watched them for some time, fascinated by their antics. Finally she walked away thinking to herself, "It's really kind of pathetic."

She strolled into the next room where the majority of the couples sat. On the couch sat a pair of "steadies" having a fight. She listened to them for a while.

"You didn't have to say that in front of Marjorie, did you?" said the female half of the pair.

"I honestly didn't think about it one way or the other. Why do you have to be so d.....d sensitive in the first place?" Retorted the male counterpart.

"There you go swearing at me again. You probably embarrassed me purposely——," said the wounded girl. Our guide left the arguing twosome and moved on. On an easy chair another couple was seated, the girl on the

boy's lap; they were participating in various manifestations of their mutual affection. She just glanced at them. She always felt a wave of embarrassment when she ventured into scenes like this one.

She chuckled to herself when she saw a couple she knew playing a game on the floor. They were forever entertaining themselves with games like "Beat the Clock" or doing push-ups or something. She walked over to them. "Hello, friend," said the boy. She smiled and nodded to him.

"Hi, there," said the girl. She smiled weakly at her.

The boy gave a knowing glance and said, "Well, aren't you going to say something to us?" She knew he meant a lot more than something; he meant something witty and shocking. She had established a reputation for this type of remark, and he was one of the most avid admirers of her mind. She paused for a moment to regret her reputation and to think of something suitable to say.

Finally she said, "Wisdom teeth should grow out of your forehead so people could tell that you're smart."

She walked away while they were laughing. As she was walking, she decided she was just about due for her corner. Just as she began her retreat, a good-looking boy came up to her and put his arm around her. "How are ya? You look kinda lonely, why don't you come'n dance with me?" He laughed a sickening, scraping laugh and gave her a wink that he must have thought was the ultimate in seduction.

Quickly she flashed her disdainful smile. "I would be glad to, dear Fred, but I'm afraid you won't be able to keep your foot out of your mouth long enough to put it on the floor."

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted. "That's what I like about you——a nice word for everyone. But seriously, I would like to dance with you. And seeing that you're alone too, I don't see what difference it would make. You know, I really think you and I are a lot alike, a couple of hams."

"Trapped," she thought. Just then she noticed a well-shaped girl in a ten dollar purple sheath dress walk across the room. "Listen, Fred, why don't you ask her to dance? I mean, we're old friends. We can dance anytime. I bet she'd be thrilled to dance with you."

"Yeah, I think you're right," he said as he sauntered toward his next victim.

"Now, to my corner and peace." She went into the dining-room, settled into a corner, took off her shoes, and sighed.

She hadn't been seated for more than three minutes when a girl she had never liked sat down next to her. "I hope I'm not intruding, but I'm so bored and you look so content."

"That's quite all right. Just make yourself comfortable. I'm pleased to hear you're bored. It's indicative that maybe I'm not abnormal after all."

As the girl laughed, she noticed for the first time how good-looking her

unexpected companion was. No! She really wasn't that good-looking. She had a large jaw, a small nose, black hair, and bedroom eyes.

The girl stretched out full length on her side. She bent her arm and rested her head in her hand. She had on an expensive-looking black wool dress. "Well," she said, "what did you think of the play?"

"Not much," was the answer. "Excuse me for a second, please," said the original occupant of the corner. She got up and went into the next room. When she came back, she had an ashtray and a pack of cigarettes in her hand. She offered one to the reclining girl; it was accepted. It surprised her that the girl would smoke in public; most of her friends smoked only in the privacy of a hen party. It surprised her and pleased her.

After she had taken the cigarettes, the girl said, "My name's Marcia. I'm adopted, you know."

"Yes, I had heard you were adopted, but it never interested me too much. I didn't like you too much before tonight."

"Well, I just say I'm adopted to get people's reactions and to get the conversation rolling. By the way, the feeling was mutual, but I like you now. I like you because of your corner." She flicked an ash from her cigarette. Someone had put a jazz record on the player and Marcia got up and started doing a dance she had evidently learned somewhere. As she danced she laughed and said, "I took dancing for a while. Can you imagine me in a pair of tights?" When the music stopped, she bumped out her cigarette and began speaking in a Brooklyn accent; then she switched to cockney.

Her listener clapped her hands together and screamed, "That's magnificent! It's really the best dialect I've heard in this town."

"Do you rehally think so, Ducky. Aye 'adn't any idea that Aye was any good at hit."

Later on that evening when the party was breaking up she said, "I really like you, Marcia."

The girl looked at her and said, "But, of course."

Poetry, Honorable Mention

TEENAGER

By Patrice Dewane '62

Too
    Young to be all alone.
Too
    Old to be dependent.
To be in the middle
.....is.....
To be a teenager.

Sketch, Honorable Mention *By Mark Lipschutz '62*

Nightly Bus Passengers

ONCE IN A WHILE I have occasion to return home from a journey by bus. I enjoy traveling at night, for it gives me a chance to think quietly about my journey, about my future, about my fellow travelers.

As I look around me, I wonder where each person is going and why; I wonder how each of these people views life. Toward the rear of the bus, I see two businessmen talking of the success of their business trip. Theirs is a material world with little time for beauty. They will talk business all the way home. Toward the middle of the bus sits an old lady, a shopping bag in the seat next to her. She is returning from a visit to her daughter's home. She must live for those trips when she can be with her family and grandchildren; for when she returns home, she will again know the feeling of loneliness. At the front of the bus a drunken man talks loudly with the driver. What sort of troubles does this man have, that he must resort to drink? In a few hours, he must return to reality; but for now he is a happy man. Across from me sits a middle-aged woman, staring straight ahead, with a sad look in her eyes. Maybe her husband is sick, or possibly she is returning from his funeral. She is realizing for the first time that an overpowering burden has been placed on her shoulders. She must plan for the responsibility.

I am the only other passenger on the bus. I can look at these people and wonder if my life will parallel any of their lives. I turn my head and gaze out of the window.

Poetry, Honorable Mention

JEALOUSY

Jealousy:

the birth of hate,
the kindling of evil thought,
the instrument of fate.

Jealousy:

the outset of idle rumor,
the endeavorer of possession,
the instigator of desire.

Jealousy:

the home of false character,
the road of evil destiny,
the loss of the soul.

By Jill Birkenstock '62

★

Poetry, Second Place

The World Is Dark

The world is dark,
A million clocks tick
On the bureaus of life.
People live on,
Knowing little
And seeking nothing.
Not knowing themselves,
And never finding themselves,
Yet only interested in themselves.
Everyone wants
To get ahead,
And be above the rest.
And so,
Miss their real
selves.
And their true beauty
And genius.

By Jim Gollata '63

Honorable Mention

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Table of Contents

(Continued from page 2)

Page

POETRY

Lincoln Rockwell ..... Mark Lipschutz 23
Garden of Life ..... Muffey Heffernan 29
The Drawer ..... Margret Dalton 30
Silent Harbor ..... Larry Lynch 33
440 ..... Randy Rotter 40
Daunt ..... Nancy Jagodensky 43
Wrestling—Take Down ..... Bill Driscoll 48
The Brain Surgeon ..... David Usitalo 49
Love ..... Dennis Halloran 51
The Island ..... Michael Wagner 52
Forever ..... Carol Meyer 57
Teenager ..... Patrice Dewane 61
Jealousy ..... Jill Birkenstock 63

SHORT STORIES

The Mass ..... Judy Reif 4
An Episode of Age ..... Janet Wienserski 45
Forget? Never! ..... Mary Ann Kubsch 54

ESSAYS

Autumn ..... Larry Lynch 10
My Alarm Clock ..... Jerry Beduhn 12
Are We losing Two Rivers to the Russians? Dennis Lishka 22
Organize! ..... Rachel Omas 29
Poverty of Mind ..... Charles Hagen 57
Man's Rewardless Existance ..... Jean Lemberger 58

SKETCHES

The Maze ..... Pam Frogner 15
That Moment in Life ..... Judi Hansen 17
A Mood of Lake Michigan ..... Francis Valitchka 37
The Little Boy Soldier ..... Marcia Teitgen 39
The Elephant in Our Bathroom .. Nancy Eber 44
Hail, Sinawa To Thee ..... Stephanie Christman 50
Portrait of a Redhead ..... Sharon Olson 56
Nightly Bus Passengers ..... Mark Lipschutz 62

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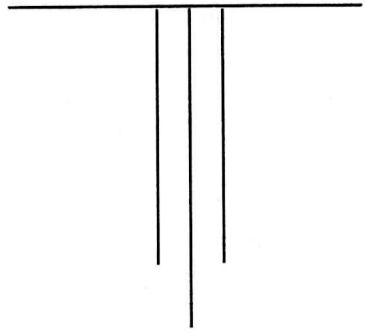

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